

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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COURAGE HAS A CRIMSON
COAT TRIMMED WITH
TRAPPINGS BOLD·KNOWL-
EDGE DONS A DRESS OF
NOTE·FAME'S IS CLOTH
OF GOLD..FAR THEY RIDE
AND FAIR THEY ROAM·
MUCH THEY DO AND DARE..GRAY-GOWNED
PATIENCE SITS AT HOME AND WEAVES THE
STUFF THEY WEAR

COASTS OF PERIL

is the next serial to appear in The Companion. It concerns a boy, rich and somewhat spoiled, who by a set of curious chances is compelled to be in turn a stowaway, a cookee and a fisherman, and thus to work his way to quaint St. Pierre. The story is full of perilous happenings, hardships bravely endured and fishermen and sailors, rugged and hardy men whom it is impossible not to admire. Incidentally it gives a vivid and lifelike picture of the fishing folk of the northeastern shore and of the stern coast and dangerous sea on which they live their lives. It is a story such as can be resisted by few men and no boys.



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The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

SNAKE BITE

ALTHOUGH all snakes are not poisonous, it is hard to tell which is which; several poisonous snakes resemble closely their harmless cousins. And unfortunately a person cannot always avoid snakes, for in wandering through the woods where the underbrush is thick or in the high grass of meadows he may stumble on a sluggish or sleeping reptile and be fatally bitten without warning. The worst snakes—the cobra and the krait of India, the black snake and the tiger snake of Australia, the puff adder and the apis of Africa—are not to be found in this country, but we have the rattlesnake, the moccasin and the copperhead. There is also the coral snake in the South, but, though its bite is very poisonous, it is of a retiring disposition and will not attack man unless intensely provoked.

The venom of a snake, which is secreted by a gland on either side of the head at the root of the grooved or perforated fang, is a modified saliva, straw-colored or yellowish and slightly odorous. Just what, chemically speaking, the poisonous constituent of the venom is, is not yet certainly known.

The symptoms of snake bite vary with the different species. After a rattlesnake bite there is severe pain and great discoloration in the neighborhood of the wound, extreme prostration with nausea and vomiting and profuse bleeding from the mucous membranes and into the cavities of the chest and the abdomen. At first there may be convulsions, but paralysis beginning in the legs and passing upward soon supervenes. Death may occur in from twelve to twenty-four hours, or the symptoms of blood poisoning with repeated hemorrhages may appear in cases not immediately fatal.

When a person is bitten a cord should once be tied tight in two or three places round the wounded limb in order to prevent the poison's being absorbed if possible. Then the place bitten should be opened wide by cross incisions or a large area round it should be cut away and the wound then sucked. It has been recommended to drench the wound with a one-per-cent solution of permanganate of potassium or a two-per-cent solution of hypochlorite of lime and to inject the solution at several places in the vicinity of the bite. Stimulants such as ammonia, camphor or hot strong tea or coffee may be useful to sustain the flagging heart. An antitoxin has been made that is usually efficacious when injected promptly.

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HE KNEW BETTER

DURING the electoral campaign between Mr. William Jennings Bryan and Mr. William Howard Taft in 1908, writes Miss Elisabeth Marbury in her reminiscences, we had one afternoon as visitors Mr. Charles P. Bryan, who was then our minister to Portugal, and Mr. Henry Taft, the eminent lawyer, brother of one of the opposing candidates.

A slight fire broke out in one of the servant's rooms, but was quickly extinguished. The fire inspector presented himself to make the usual inquiries. After jotting down my answers to his questions he turned on hearing voices in the drawing-room and said, "Who are your callers?" I promptly replied, "Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan."

He looked at me indignantly. "Say, lady, I ain't here to be kidded!" he exclaimed. "I want to know the real parties."

I again repeated the names of our visitors. Further irritated, the inspector demanded that I produce the two gentlemen at once. I asked them to step into the hall, and when they confirmed my statement of their identity the man cried out angrily, "You guys can't put anything over on me like that! Don't I know how Taft and Bryan look? Ain't I seen their pictures?"

With that he slammed out of the door, and we all had a good laugh at his expense.



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Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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LYDIA LEARNS



DRAWINGS BY M. A. BENJAMIN

LYDIA MARR could never keep tab on time. For some reason time was always running away from her and then turning suddenly to trip her up. That was her petulant thought one bright morning as she dressed hurriedly to start on a long-planned trip. As she ran downstairs the hall clock was striking the very hour that should have seen her at the station buying her ticket.

"O dear, that means a taxi!" she exclaimed and made a bee line from the bottom step to the telephone.

All through July and August Lydia had been busy with a stiff summer course; in mid-October she would settle down to important library work. Meanwhile it was her plan to crowd four long-standing invitations into six short weeks. She was going first to two of her college mates, Mary Warner and Frances Allen; then to Great-Aunt Alice Mason; then to her mother's old friends, the Lorrimers, who were anxious to know the daughter of Ruth Lea. It was an attractive itinerary, and there was no doubt that she deserved the pleasure.

The taxicab arrived with almost disconcerting promptness. There was no time for last small ceremonies. As Lydia tumbled into the vehicle in the wake of her steamer trunk she reached out and gave her mother a farewell grasp.

"I'll telegraph if I've left anything behind," she called back gayly.

Mrs. Marr's gentle face shadowed. She was thinking that Lydia wore her besetting sin as lightly as a feather. "But after all," she comforted herself, "what a good child she is at heart!"

As the car turned the corner a slim figure came hurrying from the opposite direction. It was Charlotte, Mr. Marr's young sister, who lived with an older brother at the other end of town.

"Just too late," she panted. "Three minutes ago I found out that Lydia hadn't returned my new blue sweater that she borrowed. You see, I'm going down the river tonight and shall need the sweater, but I'm morally certain she has carried it off without noticing."

"Did it have tassels?" Mrs. Marr asked faintly. "I seem to remember tucking tassels into her trunk—"

"That settles it," said Charlotte. "But, no, I'll go up and look anyhow."

They went up together to the topsy-turvy room. There was no sweater to be found. On the way down Charlotte freed her mind. Being five years Lydia's senior, she felt privileged to speak frankly.

"I don't suppose the harum-scarum child has the remotest idea what she took and what she left behind."

"Who's a harum-scarum child?" Lydia's father called from the living room, knowing well enough as he asked.

The telephone rang at that instant, and Mrs. Marr answered it. "O Lydia," she said, but there was no surprise in her tone.

"Ask her—" Charlotte began eagerly, but her sister-in-law had already hung up the receiver.

"The train was pulling out," Mrs. Marr explained apologetically, "and she merely shouted a few words and ran. She wants me to mail her blue silk blouse that she left behind."

Charlotte groaned. "She couldn't by any chance of course have left the right thing behind!"

Paul, Lydia's brother, spoke up from the window seat. "What's Charlotte feverish about today?"

Charlotte told her tale of woe again, and Mrs. Marr accompanied the last paragraph with a short sigh. "In some ways Lydia doesn't seem to grow up," she said.

Mr. Marr looked slightly offended. "Well, if you ask me, she has grown up all too soon. What's a little carelessness? She's pretty popular anyway, with four different invitations to accept in six weeks."

"Yes, that's so," Paul's good-looking countenance flickered with mischief. "People should be patient with the younger generation. Remember your own youth, Aunt Charlotte."

Charlotte made a lunge for her nephew. The two had grown up together and were expert at tussling with each other.

"Stop romping, Charlotte," Mrs. Marr said, "and listen to me. If I understood Lydia over the telephone, she has left her blue blouse in your room. Will you bring it over next time you come?"

Charlotte fled with her hands to her face, and Paul looked after her thoughtfully. "Women folks are queer about their clothes," he mused. "Here we find Charlotte's sweater in Lydia's trunk and Lydia's blouse in Charlotte's room and both the girls fuming like hornets."

"But you should be just, dear," his mother commented. "In both cases Lydia is the one to blame."

Lydia's father shook his newspaper impatiently, then peered round the edge. "She's only eighteen, Ruth. What's eighteen?"

Mrs. Marr had just discovered her daughter's gold thimble in the bottom of a vase. "Eighteen?" she murmured vaguely as she abstracted it. "That reminds me, I must order candles for the birthday cake."

September passed, and October arrived on the wings of a frisky wind. Lydia Marr relished every day that came. She fished and swam at the Warner camp; she revelled in the luxury of Fan Allen's beautiful country home; and then late in September she went down to Aunt Alice's farm and gathered apples like a boy.

As the time for her fourth visit drew near she pulled herself together with dignity. The Lorrimers were a stately old couple who had only recently moved to that part of the country. Mrs. Marr had known them when she was Lydia's age; Lydia herself had never seen them. "They will compare me with mother," she thought. "Well, I suppose I know how to behave."

The Lorrimers proved to be not only dignified but a little prim; however, they were very lovable. "She looks exactly like Ruth," was their instant verdict.

"So everyone says," Lydia replied. She added with an unconscious touch of complacency, "I'm thought to be like her in every way."

Old Mr. Lorrimer smiled. "Well," he remarked, "I should say you have a reputation to live up to."

Apparently Lydia lived up to it fairly well, for they asked her to lengthen her visit. But she must get back for her birthday party, she said; probably her mother was already planning the birthday cake.

Mrs. Marr was doing just that, planning a pound cake with white frosting. The family gifts were all ready; even Charlotte had forgotten her grievance and brought in



"These are things that I forgot and left at the Allens'," she explained

an offering to add to the pile on the piano.

There were several extra packages in the birthday stock. Two bore Frances Allen's name in the upper left hand corner; the third was from Mary Warner. Mrs. Marr was a little puzzled about them. "I didn't know the girls kept birthdays," she thought.

Lydia was to come back on the afternoon of the eleventh. That morning the postman brought three other packages.

"This Marr girl, though harum-scarum, seems to rouse friendly sentiments," Mr. Marr observed with a twinkle.

"Look, Charlotte," Paul said when his young aunt ran in for a few moments. "I point with pride to the collection on the piano. Pretty good haul for a scatterbrain, I should say."

Charlotte surveyed the pile with unfeigned interest. "Fine," she said heartily. "I dropped in to ask what train Lydia is coming on. You and brother Henry will be at the office until late, so I'd be glad to run down to the station and help her home with her bag."

"Oh, thank you, Charlotte," Mrs. Marr said. "Lydia stopped over in Baltimore to do some shopping, you know. She'll be down on the five-twenty."

Lydia's eyes were dancing when she descended from the train, but her expression was somewhat rueful too. "Charlotte, what do you think? I got to the train too late to check my trunk. Just wait till I telegraph back to have it sent by express."

Charlotte mustered a cheerful look. "My one hope is," she said, "that you packed that sweater of mine in your suitcase. The Cranes are coming to take me to camp by automobile tonight, and I'll need it."

Lydia gave a little groan. "O Charlotte!" she cried. "Both times that you wrote for that sweater I forgot to send it. And now it's in my trunk, and the trunk's in Baltimore. But there, you shall have my red sweater, bless your heart."

"Where is your red sweater, Lydia?" Charlotte asked dryly.

There was a moment's silence. "Oh, of course that's in the trunk too."

"Well, so far as that goes, I look like a fiend in red, as you know." Charlotte's voice was brusque, but she softened it. "Run along and do your telephoning or you'll be late for your birthday supper."

Lydia looked crestfallen all the way home, but by the time the family had gathered round for the feast she had brightened.

"I wanted to dress up for the occasion, but it wasn't possible," she said to her family. She made a repentant face at Charlotte and added, "I was in such a wild hurry to get back that I left my trunk behind. Now don't look scoldy, mother dear, not at the very minute when I'm turning eighteen!"

Mr. Marr cleared his throat. "Well, there's many a slip 'twixt trunk and trip," he remarked. "There, daughter, I've made an epigram for your birthday. What do you say?"

Lydia's spirits promptly rebounded. "That it's worthy of the occasion," she answered joyously. "Oh, look at this table—everything that I like best to eat and a mountain of packages!"

Paul explained that one of the packages was slightly damaged. It had fallen behind the piano one day, and when he went to fish it out with his umbrella he poked a hole in the paper. "There, that bottom one, you see."

Charlotte's eyes were fixed with odd intentness on the package. Lydia wondered why, but the next moment she forgot all about it.

"I don't exactly understand," she said. "Aunt Alice never gives anniversary presents, and Mary and Frances and I always celebrate birthdays with letters. As to the Lorrimers, how did they know? Oh, I remember now mentioning my birthday when they asked me to stay longer. But the idea of their sending me a present!"

"Well, don't look gift parcels in the mouth," her father said. "The beefsteak's getting cold."

Lydia was wrestling with a knotty string.

"I can't imagine what Fan Allen can be sending me," she said with a little excitement. Then the paper fell apart, and her face changed.

"Look how she's blushing," Paul cried. "It must be from Hugh Allen, not Fan, I should say."

"No, it's Fan," Lydia answered somewhat queerly.

Paul peered over his sister's shoulder. "Oho, a number of presents! The whole family must have chipped in."

Lydia glanced at her mother, then at Charlotte. They could see her straighten a little as if to brace herself. "These are things that I forgot and left at the Allens'," she explained. "A hairbrush, bedroom slippers and a book. Fan wasn't sure about my schedule, and so she probably thought she'd better send them here."

"Oh, I see," Paul said a little flatly.

Lydia's face burned even more hotly over the next package. For the little box contained nothing more nor less than her own familiar fountain pen. "I thought I left that at Mary's," she said with a somewhat forced laugh and added, "Not that it matters much just where 'twas left."

Mr. Marr sharpened the carving knife energetically. "Well, girl," he observed, "you do seem to have left a sort of trail."

Lydia was fingering two other parcels with a doubtful look on her downcast face.

Her mother noticed the look. "Why not let the others wait till after supper?" she suggested gently.

But the girl's chin had taken a determined set. "No," she said, "it's just as well to go through with it now."

The package bearing Aunt Alice's name in the corner yielded up a shabby, well-known little sewing case and a pair of smudged gloves. It took a good deal of courage to open the larger of the two Lorrierm packages and even more courage to face the familiar kimono that tumbled out.

As Lydia glanced ruefully round the table she made a sudden decision. It had seemed at first that the only thing to do was to go ahead and treat the bad business as a joke so far as she could. But when she saw her father's discomfort and the pained sympathy in her mother's face she changed her mind.

"There!" she said with a quick little gesture. "No more post-office packages till after supper. Maybe I'll have better luck with the home assortment."

She did; the family gifts were all that could be desired, and as Lydia cleared away the pile of papers and boxes her spirits rose again. The beefsteak looked delicious; there was thick cream for the rosy peaches, and the birthday cake was as light as a feather.

Charlotte could not stay for a second helping of dessert, for she had to be ready at eight o'clock to start on her outing. Passing Lydia's chair, she bestowed an affectionate pat on her shoulder.

Paul chuckled as the door closed. "Charlotte's as prompt as the second hand on a clock," he said. "I'll wager she'll button her last button just exactly on the stroke of eight."

A shadow crossed Lydia's face. "Charlotte always was like that," she answered somewhat wistfully. Then she said, brightening, "One more slice of cake, mother, and after that I'll carry all this property of mine upstairs out of your way."

Up in her room she dumped the miscellaneous collection on the bed. The two unopened parcels she picked up and carried over to the window. Something was trailing from one of them; it was a long blue tassel with a familiar look.

Lydia fled downstairs with the parcels in her hands. "Paul," she cried, "please rush over to Uncle Edmund's on your bicycle and take this sweater to Charlotte before she leaves. She tried so hard to get it back in time for her trip. And then she saw it in my pile of packages—don't you remember how she looked at it?—and never said a word. Hurry; you have just three minutes."

Paul was already at the door with the sweater in his hand. He murmured something about girls and their clothes, but he did not tarry.

"That was fine of Charlotte, you know," Lydia said soberly after a pause. "The only sweater she owns, and she didn't say a word when she saw the tassel poking out, because she thought I was having punishment enough."

Mr. Marr cleared his throat. "Charlotte's all right, a born trump!" Then he looked sidelong at the small package that his daughter was holding.

Lydia caught the glance. "The very last

one, father," she said. "I think I'd better see what's inside and be over with it."

She cut the string and drew out a small box. Then she gave a little cry of delight.

"Look, oh, look what the Lorrimers sent me!" She was holding up a gold chain of delicate workmanship, old and lovely. "The card says, 'For Ruth Lea's lovable girl, from William and Emily Lorrimer.'"

Lydia saw the light come into her mother's face, saw her father smile expansively. And all at once to her dismay she felt her eyes fill sharply with hot tears. "Lovable girl," she repeated chokingly. "When I've made

such a dreadful goose of myself. You'd think they'd have sent me a memorandum pad if they were going to send me anything or—on a catchall."

Then two of the unaccustomed tears, overbrimming, ran down the sides of her nose and tickled her. She sneezed violently, and the next minute they were all laughing together.

Lydia ducked her head on her mother's ready shoulder. "They said right at the start that I was like you. And, oh, mother, I had the temerity to say I was thought to be like you in every way. Maybe this chain

means that I am—a little—in spite of everything."

"There, there," said Mr. Marr, "you have a few merits, to be sure. I like the way, for example, that you scorn to wiggle out of a tight place. Put your chain on, child."

His daughter lifted her head and eyed him doubtfully from under her wet lashes.

"All right," he said. "If you want me to, I'll admit that you did need to learn a lesson."

"Well, I've learned it," Lydia replied as she slipped the chain deftly over her bright head. "Watch me remember it too!"

BARB OF CARIBOU BONE

By William Byron Mowery



OUR days of travel back into the desolate, frozen interior a small band of the Antler Miemacs were slowly dying of starvation. All the previous summer the deer were gone from the ranges, and the long-awaited caribou migration had not passed. Mysteriously the rabbit had disappeared from the barrens, and the ptarmigan from the deer bush. Namaycush and fontinalis had gone to the bottom of the frozen lakes and stayed there. The Height of Land country, huge, bleak impenetrable, lay lifeless under ten feet of snow and seventy degrees of frost.

In the last extremity Kilinak, the Frozen Face, had broken out of the clutch of the Arctic, had come down out of the interior and staggered into the post. At the square table in the center of the kitchen he ravenously gulped the steaming meal that Mrs. Ford set before him. Her husband and young Jim Ford listened to his story, which he told between mouthfuls. Before the Indian's account was half finished three trappers, sitting on a bench by the door, got up and went out. They did not want to be in any rescue party.

It was the same old story of starvation in the interior of Labrador, only worse than usual. The young Indian painted in broken English so graphic a picture of the tribal camp that placid Mrs. Ford cried, and her husband and her son paced the floor of the kitchen. Unless help came and at once, the entire camp of thirty children and ten grown women and six men would die in their lodges. Were not fifty Crees found only last spring frozen stark in their tepees on the wind-swept shores of the great Mistassini?

"Dave, we must help them," Mrs. Ford cried, in tears at the mention of the little children. "What can we do? Can't you get one of the men to go?"

"Why, I shall go, mother," Jim interrupted her. "None of the liveyevers would think of quitting their trapping in midwinter to go back with Kilinak, and father must stay at the post."

"It's a dangerous trip, Jim, with the frost, the wolves and the blizzards," Dave Ford replied. "But go. We must not refuse to help them because they are Miemacs—Indians."

Mrs. Ford knew as well as either of the men the great danger of any attempt at rescue at that time of year, but she did not hesitate. "Jim, you go," she said.

Kilinak had staggered into the post at noon. He slept a brief hour after his great meal while Jim and his father prepared the komatik, the huskies and the grub. At half past one they awakened him and gave him a new set of sealskin clothes. He was fresh and alert for the return trip and pried into the load on the komatik with eager, wistful eyes.

In the kitchen Jim bent down and kissed his mother, took a few final words of advice from his father and went outside where a trapper was keeping the harnessed huskies quiet. The komatik, the team and the two young men started off at a swift run up over the swell that hid the post and the tickle from their sight.

Impatiently Kilinak wanted to push on faster than the team could travel. Jim heard of the old squaw mother, the young girl wife and the tiny, starving papoose and understood his impatience. Late that afternoon he forced the young Indian to halt for a few minutes for a "mug-up" on pemmican, hard-tack and tea.

They had hitched up the dogs again and

were ready to leave the spot when suddenly down through a thicket of small black balsams a big bull caribou came lunging and tearing his way. Not fifty yards from them he stopped in a small clear place and threw his head back over his shoulder to look. Then he began a curious dance in the snow, round and round in a rhythmic circle.

"Huh! A caribou!" Kilinak exclaimed, so amazed that his rifle almost slid from his hands.

"What's the matter with him, Kilinak?"

"Wolves after him. He tramps snow hard so he can fight them. Belly deep in snow, he can use hoofs. Look!"

A string of lithe gray forms wound through the black balsam thicket. Jim counted them—seven; they were less than two hundred yards away. Kilinak sprang back to the komatik and steadied the excited huskies. Jim's high-power rifle barked seven times. Then he turned the gun at the caribou, but before he could clip in another magazine it had taken fright, slipped into an alder thicket and disappeared.

"You missed one wolf," Kilinak said. "Big one, leader."

"You're wrong, Frozen Face." Jim started toward the dim balsam thicket. "I couldn't miss at that distance."

But six wolves were all that he found in the thicket.

"Big one, leader, he got away," the Indian repeated when Jim came back. "Very big gray wolf."

"Well, maybe you're right," Jim admitted. "But I thought you said there were no caribou at all in the hills, Kilinak."

"There are none," the Indian replied. "That was but a sign, the big caribou we saw."

"A sign? What do you mean?"

"Wait!" Kilinak answered. "You will know soon enough."

Jim noticed that the Miemac's face was pale and drawn, and that he was quivering with excitement.

Through a vast solitude they raced on into the desolate barrens toward the Height of Land. The wind moaned and sobbed in the spruce tops, and the pale half-light of the midwinter sun fashioned strange dim shadows in the thickets. The night came on bitterly cold. The light from the swishing aurora, reflected and scattered by the snow to dazzle, made the night but little darker than the sombre northern day. At deep twilight the two young fellows merely halted for a breathing spell. They sat on the edge of the komatik and talked of the hill country ahead.

"Look!" Kilinak grasped Jim's arm. "Look there."

A hulking gray wolf was standing in some bushes across the swell at the top of the ridge opposite. Jim reached for his rifle, aimed quickly and shot.

"Huh!" Kilinak exclaimed. "Bullet wasted."

"I'll bet you'll find him lying on the other side of the ridge, Kilinak," Jim replied, chagrined at his failure to drop the wolf in its tracks.

They swerved out of their direction and climbed the opposite ridge. Kilinak was right. Jim was mortified, as a fellow ought to be when he misses an easy shot like that. The komatik swung east again through the chill noiseless twilight.

Five miles farther on the long, high-pitched howl of a wolf on a low rocky ridge half a mile ahead of them broke the great silence. Three times the deep-throated, menacing sound rose and fell.

"Gang call," the Miemac explained as Jim, who was running the sled, left his place and joined the young Indian, who was

breaking trail for the dogs. "He gets another gang."

"Another gang?"

"Yes; same big wolf. He follows us. I knew all along he keeps close."

By the actions of the huskies Jim knew that wolves had come in close to them. He glanced behind him and to each side in the gray twilight. Several times he thought he saw shadows among the alder thickets.

"Say, Frozen Face," he called out, "is the gang near us? Which side?"

"Four on our right," Kilinak replied without looking round. "Four or five on our left. Big one on left too. Give me the new rifle."

Jim ran ahead of the komatik and put the rifle into the hands of the Indian. A few minutes later Kilinak jerked it to his shoulder and fired. A sharp yelp from a near-by thicket showed that he had hit his mark. A minute later he stopped again, pointed into a thicket at his left and fired. A lurking shadow there vanished silently.

He handed the rifle back to Jim. Trembling and strangely excited, he waved his arm toward the Height of Land country. "On, fast," he urged. "To the lodges. No time to lose. No use to shoot."

Wondering at the Indian's strange excitement, Jim took his rifle back again, and they sped on. They were traveling most of the time through a low bottom at the foot of a string of hills, because the larch and spruce grew tall in the bottoms and no underbrush checked their fleet pace.

At midnight Jim forced Kilinak to stop. They had covered fifty miles at breakneck speed. The best of the trail lay behind them; the rest was rough, unbroken, scrubby barrens and boulder swells. Since two days' travel was ahead of them, they would have to save their strength and not wear it out in one headlong dash.

Kilinak was more than ever impatient, but Jim was adamant against going a step farther that night. They stopped, fed the dogs, saw them safely nested under the snow and cooked their supper over a fire of spruce boughs. Before Kilinak climbed into his sleeping bag he took the meat provisions from the sled and laid them in a bush on the other side of the camp. "Gang big now," he explained. "Meat draws them. They tear up komatik maybe if meat on it."

It seemed to Jim that he had scarcely dropped to sleep before he suddenly awoke. He jerked the rime-stiffened flap of his sleeping bag away from his face and sat up, reaching automatically for his rifle. A furious snarling and scrambling came from beyond the bushes where Kilinak had put the meat. Jim raised his rifle and fired at a writhing mass on the snow. Farther away a big shadow lurked on the fringe of the dark mass. He sent three shots in its direction.

By that time Kilinak was out of his sleeping bag, and the huskies were breaking up out of the snow. The dogs caught and tore to pieces one crippled wolf. Three others were stretched out on the snow. The meat was gone; the great gray leader had vanished.

"On," Kilinak urged when they had taken stock of the damage the wolf raid had done. "We must go on, Meester Jim. We must hurry and we shall be too late."

Jim looked at the sky, which told him they had slept only four hours. Day was coming on, grayer than the night. Snow clouds were racing down from the north and thickening—a sure sign of a coming storm. There was no time to lose. He nodded and began to cook breakfast while Kilinak fished round in his pack on the sled and came to the fire with a small sliver of bone in his hand.

"From a caribou," he explained in answer to Jim's unspoken question. "All that I had, but enough—maybe."

"What is it for?" Jim asked. There had been mystery in the Indian's words and

actions since the shooting of the wolves that were after the caribou.

"You shoot many times at big leader," Kilinak said slowly, looking into the shadowy thicket. "I shoot and miss—easy shot. You kill others with every bullet. He no wolf. He is Lupah, great Spirit Wolf of Hunger. Bullet no kill nor trap catch him. I have been told by wrinkled old Miemac that nothing but bone of caribou can kill Lupah when he comes to the ranges, for caribou means food and plenty. This winter Lupah chased caribou off to north and deer far to the west and scared away the rabbit. Now he follows us. If we no kill him we starve, and the girl wife, and papoose, and squaw mother, and the whole tribe."

"Nonsense, Kilinak. He's just a good bullet dodger. We scattered his band just then. That will probably be the last we see of him."

Kilinak shook his head. "He is Lupah, wolf of hunger. All the wolves of the hills gather at his call and follow him. No use to shoot them. Others come. We must kill him or we die, and they."

Kilinak swept his arm toward the distant spot cradled among the hills where his family and clan were starving in their lodges. As his arm sank to his side again, as if to prove his words the same throaty howl arose on the trail ahead of them—long and plaintive, ending

with a catch like a sob. Kilinak cut down an ash sapling with his girdle axe and put it upon the sled while Jim harnessed up the team. Each time they stopped that day Kilinak hewed and cut at the ash till Jim could see that he was making a strong, rude bow. When they camped that evening he dressed it down and strung it with a thong of caribou tendon. By the light of the evening fire he worked at the arrow.

Jim laughed at him. "Kilinak, do you think you can kill that big wolf with that contrivance when I can't touch him with this high-power caribou gun? Don't be foolish enough to believe that old squaw tale about Lupah."

"There!" replied the Indian, pointing out into the bush. "There is Lupah, and there his wolves."

Dozens of pairs of eyes danced in the thicket round them. Busy with supper, Jim had not noticed them before. Their number alarmed him. Now and then he heard a low snarl or the sharp, sibilant breath of the big timber wolf. The trembling huskies had come close to the protecting fire. Ordinarily ten huskies would not be afraid of any number of wolves.

Jim looked where Kilinak's finger pointed and saw a pair of eyes that were bigger than the others and farther apart. They looked steadily at him while he reached for his rifle, took quick aim and fired.

The circle of eyes vanished. With a flaming spruce knot in his hand Jim stepped boldly into the thicket into which he had shot. The new snow was packed down by the trampling of padded feet, but as before Lupah had vanished. With a queer feeling Jim came back to the fire and threw more wood upon it.

They decided, he and Kilinak, that one of them must stay awake during the night and keep watch, especially since the huskies unaccountably refused to burrow down into the snow. Kilinak got the first watch, and Jim crept into his sealskin bag and slept.

At midnight Kilinak awakened him and slid into the warm nest. "They are thick as shadows in the deer bush," the young Indian warned him. "And Lupah is there, always watching and waiting."

For an hour Jim kept up a big fire. As brush became harder to get the fire died down. In spite of his short rest he was sore and sleepy; the cold numbed him. He stared into the darkness till weird figures danced in front of his eyes. The unutterably cold wind, risen to a hurricane, was filled with strange sounds. His eyes closed as his mind wandered. He fell asleep.

An hour later when the fire had died down to a few red coals a tumult swept over the camp and brought him to his feet wide awake. A mass of slashing, ravenous wolves



They looked steadily at him while he . . . took quick aim and fired

DRAWN BY C. L. LASSELL

had rushed in and overwhelmed the frenzied dogs. The huskies were snarling and yelping; the wolves were silent, grim, terribly swift.

Paralyzed for a moment, Jim could not even move till a wolf sprang at him. He broke its back with an axe, but two more sprang at him.

Kilinak's mind worked like lightning. As he extricated himself from the sleeping bag a wolf jumped at his throat, but he knocked it back on its haunches and leaped at the fire. He kicked into the mass of coals and scattered them in every direction. The fire blazed up; the spot was illuminated. The two wolves that were slashing at Jim leaped back into the bush. Jim grabbed his rifle and emptied the magazine, and Kilinak piled spruce tips and bark on the fire. The pack faded like a wraith into the surrounding gloom.

"Kilinak!" Jim cried as the blaze flared up. "They have slashed our dogs to pieces, Kilinak! Here's Mac, the only one left alive, and he's cut to ribbons."

The lead dog was trying to crawl up and die at his feet. The other huskies were literally scattered over the snow. Instead of running away and escaping they had pitched into the pack and tried to protect their masters and the camp.

Kilinak bent over the lead dog and examined him. Jim walked a few feet away and turned his head when he saw the young Indian take his small axe from his belt. The blow was cruelly merciful, but Jim himself could not have dealt it.

"Do you believe now the words of the old Miemac, who knew the secrets of the old world?" Kilinak asked.

"I believe that that gray wolf is a devil and the cause of all our troubles!" Jim said vaguely. "I'd like to throttle him with my bare hands!"

During the rest of the night the two fed the fire and talked in low tones. Eyes sparkled and vanished in the bush. Jim shivered, but not with the cold.

Kilinak paid little attention to the wolves, but worked at his arrow unceasingly. Though silent as a stone, the young Indian was almost frantic with grief. The loss of the dogs compelled them to abandon the komatik with its precious load of food that would stave off starvation for several weeks till other help could come. Now the two men would walk empty-handed into the starving camp. Almost within a day's travel the food that would have saved half a hundred people would have to be left to the wolf pack. Kilinak said in his slow, firm way that rather than go back empty-handed to the lodge where his sick wife and baby and mother were dying, he would walk away into the woods.

At regular intervals the menacing sound of Lupah's howling on the ridges round them swelled to its high-pitched climax and died away. It was snowing heavily again; the gray dawn that came on was drear and gloomy, and the rocky uplands wore a desolate look to the exhausted, disheartened men.

Kilinak whittled steadily at the sliver of caribou bone till there was light enough for them to start and be safe. Jim built a hasty scaffold and piled the provisions upon it,—all, that is, except the hundred pounds that he and Kilinak could carry. At daybreak they strapped on their burdens and started on a dash for the lodges.

Before noon Jim knew they should never reach safety. The pack was all round them in the woods, though the wolves were keeping their distance for the present. He had less than a hundred cartridges for his rifle, and Kilinak had resolutely refused to carry his old gun any farther; he had said it was useless against Lupah, and that he would carry food to make up for its weight. Jim estimated the pack at fifty wolves; Kilinak said there were many more.

They grew bolder that forenoon, because Jim, anxious to save his precious cartridges, did not shoot. They trotted along in plain view, sometimes not more than fifty feet away. Twice Jim saw Lupah standing in a thicket farther away than the other wolves, looking at them sideways. Each time he wasted a bullet, and each time he came nearer to believing the whispered legend of the uplands.

"Kilinak," Jim said at noon, "you know this upper George country. Listen. We must have protection besides fire tonight. That Lupah is a devil incarnate. We have got to get in somewhere and get in long before dusk. Do you know of any cave or shelf?"

"I am heading for one," Kilinak replied. "We will get there before dusk if we hurry—and are lucky."

They sped on through the deer bush and black balsam. The evening gloom shut down early; the snow swirled in the rising wind till they could see only a few rods ahead of them. With never a visible sign to guide him Kilinak set a swift pace straight toward the one possible shelter of the night. It was at the head of a ravine half a mile long. The gorge was dark and sombre; Jim was afraid to enter it for fear the pack would attack them in the gloomy thickets; but strangely Kilinak slowed down to a swift walk.

"We must not run in here," he explained. "They will jump us if we run."

It was all that Jim could do to keep from breaking into a run. The wolves closed in until it seemed that they might attack at any minute. Again and again Jim shot a wolf that pressed close enough to start

trouble. Several times he saw Lupah, a mighty gray shadow off in some thicket, but wasted no more shots on the diabolical leader.

The last hundred yards were a terrible gauntlet. Jim had to keep shooting almost constantly, and Kilinak waved his axe about him. The number of the wolves was appalling. Never before had either of them seen such a pack. The thickets were alive with gray shadows. A clump of alders that directly barred the path to the cave bristled with lean forms.

"Throw your pack down," Kilinak said sharply. "Throw to right; I to left. That will draw them maybe."

"But our food—"

"Throw!" Kilinak cried.

The packs fell to the right and to the left. Seizing the few seconds during the wild scramble when the bundles fell, the men raced up a little slope to the foot of a low cliff and ran round the rock to the cave. They reached it barely in time. Jim shot again and again into the snarling pack while Kilinak pulled lichen from the top of the cave and worked desperately over a tiny flame. It blazed up!

The cave was shallow, little more than a hollow in the rock. Snow filled it almost to the roof. To the right of it was sheer drop of one hundred feet down to the foot of a frozen waterfall. The approach to the cave was therefore narrow; on the right and behind them the pack was shut off completely.

Kilinak ventured a few feet beyond the mouth of the cave and pulled over a dead larch. Jim bowed over two wolves that tried to spring at his comrade.

"All the wood we got," Kilinak said. "We must use little by little. I will finish the arrow—our only chance."

For once Jim did not scoff. Through all the trouble and danger that day the young Indian had carried his heavy bow and worked at the arrow and barb of caribou bone. While Jim at the mouth of the cave fed the fire and kept off the pack with his axe and his gun the Miemac crouched behind the protecting flame and worked away at the arrow.

"My shells are all gone but six," Jim cried over his shoulder. "Kilinak, hurry!"

"It will take but a minute longer," Kilinak replied. "Throw on more wood, Jim. We will not need it long."

"You're right, Frozen Face!" Jim cried in grim irony. "We have a few slivers of wood left. After you shoot the bone barb at that gray devil take out your hand axe, and we'll make a dive and get him anyway before we go down. See him there!"

A moment later Kilinak rose up and fitted the arrow to his string. "I must get close," he said, stepping up to Jim's side. "I must not miss with this arrow, Jim, or—"

The eyes of the two young men met. Slowly the Indian reached out his hand and clasped that of his comrade. Then he began to inch forward. Jim, watching him, was unable to see him move, so slowly did he glide out toward the great gray leader.

Lupah crouched ready to leap; his ears were flattened, and one front foot was raised. The semi-circle of squatting wolves hunched forward. The big bow in Kilinak's hand came slowly up to the level of his shoulder. His right arm came back.

Suddenly, purposefully he thrust his right foot forward. Lupah leaped at him and met the arrow in midair. The caribou bone barb struck him in the hollow of the neck and plunged into his chest till only the feathered tip stood out. The great wolf fell on the snow, leaped convulsively at Kilinak, missed and then pitched over the ledge into the icy crater of the waterfall.

With an exultant shout Kilinak leaped back over the fire. Jim's last shells went to knock down the brutes that were pressing so close to the flame that they were singed. Throwing his useless rifle down, he seized a brand and made a blazing cartwheel with it. He kicked coals into the snarling pack at the edge of the cave, and Kilinak, dragging out his axe, threw on more wood, the last.

The fire burned brightly. The pack drew back before it, but only a yard or two. Both

men leaned weakly against the wall of the cave. They were safe till the flame ate up the wood. Then—

Suddenly a howl arose out in the thicket. Another and another followed till the ravine rang, and the air quivered! The wolves in front of the cave pointed their muzzles to the heavens and took up the cry. From fifty ravenous throats came the long, tremulous howl.

Kilinak grasped Jim's arm. "They mourn for Lupah, their great spirit leader, who is slain by the bone of the caribou."

"No, no!" cried Jim. "Look, they are leaving. It is the hunt call, Kilinak, the cry of the chase. They have winded big game."

"Thou art a fool and an unbeliever," Kilinak said in his own tongue solemnly and slowly, so that Jim could understand. "Come. Let us go out and get wood. They will trouble us no more."

"They came last night just after twilight," one of the Antler Micmac men said to Jim the next afternoon at the tribal camp. "I saw the herd of caribou on the hillside, and

Kaliatiouk and I speared ten of them in the drift. The coming and going of the caribou are mysterious, young white brother. There are many things of the wilderness that no man can understand."

Kilinak came out of a lodge where the squaw mother was dressing a caribou and the girl wife was feeding broth to a hungry pauper. In all the lodges the same plenty reigned, since the caribou, mysterious banded wanderers of the North, had come from nowhere in numbers like the snowflakes on their erratic migration.

"I have heard of your great struggle with Lupah," continued the elder Indian, "of the rifle missing its mark and only the barb of caribou bone being deadly to the Hunger Spirit."

"Speak not of the mysteries of the old hills to our white brother," Kilinak said, laying a hand on Jim's shoulder. "He is a courageous, strong young man and will be a leader among his people, but, like them all, he knows nothing about the great secrets. Nor will he believe even that which he sees with his own eyes."

THE MYSTERIOUS TUTOR *By Gladys Blake*



Chapter Nine The Thanksgiving Feast

HANKSGIVING DAY dawned cold but placid. The sun beamed down like a benevolent old gentleman who was pleased that the nation had stopped its work to count its blessings. At Bow View plantation a light and a fire had burned all night in the little room that the planter used for an office, and the gentlemen of the household, in relays of two and three, had spent the night there guarding the new-found treasure in Mr. Cuthbert's safe. A checkerboard had beguiled the hours of darkness, and not a thing had happened to disturb the games. Morning light found the last watchers feeling a little foolish as they surveyed the warlike array of loaded pistols on the desk and the mantel. As they went sleepily up the stairs at seven o'clock they met the ladies of the family coming down to breakfast and had to endure considerable teasing and laughter. The night watch did seem rather funny in the broad light of day.

"Nevertheless it's always better to blunder on the safe side," remarked one of the gentlemen at the breakfast table when the matter was being discussed. "We'll repeat the watch again tonight. Tomorrow when the banks are open we'll move the valuables into the city. There we can have a first-class jeweler give us an estimate of their worth. I admit I have high hopes of a real fortune!"

"What a great cause for thanksgiving we have today!" said one of the ladies.

"Yes, indeed!" cried another. "I lay awake most of the night planning what I am going to do with my share of the money."

"The money?" repeated some one else in a tone of dismay. "Surely you are not planning to sell all that wonderful old jewelry? I'm going to keep my share just as it is."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," retorted the first speaker. "The things must all be sold. They could not be fairly divided among us."

"I tell you flatly I won't allow my part to be sold," insisted the other. "I don't need the money, and I want to wear the jewels. They'd create a stir anywhere they were seen."

"I've set my heart on that miniature of a little boy in its frame of diamonds," declared a pretty little dark-haired lady. "He looks like a real little prince, and I want him!"

"I spoke first for that miniature!" cried some one else. "The very moment I set eyes on it yesterday I said, 'That's mine!'"

"I didn't hear you," retorted the dark-haired lady indignantly. "And even if you did say it, that doesn't make it yours. I'm going to have that miniature!"

Doris stole a glance across the table at Mr. Dahl. The tutor had never been more cold and haughty than since the discovery of the Dolgoruki valuables, and now there was an air about him of one entirely aloof from his surroundings. The planter was looking at him also, and that expression of superiority and scorn did not pass his observation. He hastened to put an end to the tart conversation going on at the table.

"Well, well," he said comfortingly, "let us not discuss our 'great cause for thanksgiving' until Thanksgiving Day is over. It bids fair to spoil the occasion."

Most of the family laughed good-naturedly at that. A fair observer would have noticed that by far the greater number of those gathered at the table were of a different character from the few who had been bickering over the treasure. And the same fair observer would also have noticed that the voices that had just been bickering were the same voices that had declared the day

before that the interest on the small loan completely covered the value of the jewels, and that no legal action could deprive the family of them. The tutor was not a fair observer, however, for he was evidently judging the whole family by those who talked the most.

After breakfast Dick and Basil prepared to remain close to Mr. Dahl all day. They told the girls that that was the safest course to pursue as long as the treasure remained in the house; for no one was guarding it in the daytime, and there was no guessing what move the tutor might make.

"You'd better stick to Sakoff, if you can find him," said Clarissa. "It's through his confederate that Mr. Dahl will act. That's probably what they were talking about last night."

"Yes, and as we haven't told father of that incident, it behoves us to keep our own eyes open," said Dick. "What they may have concocted is beyond detecting. Basil and I are going to play detective. It's better than telling tales on our tutor again."

Leaving the boys to carry out their plans, the girls went with a bevy of young women up to the attic to "dress up" for dinner. Dressing in fancy costume for Thanksgiving dinner was a time-honored custom among the young ladies at Bow View. The big chests in the attic held many old gowns belonging to past days or made for fancy dress balls, and the girls could choose what they would. All the young ladies had intended to dress like Puritan maids, but, faced with the splendors of the attic, they found the simple garb of the Mayflower women little to their taste. When they were dressed at last there was not one of them who did not look more like Queen Elizabeth than like Priscilla Mullens. However, there were a few Indian maids and a goddess of agriculture to carry out the Thanksgiving idea, and everybody was satisfied.

Doris, running downstairs in a long silk dress and velvet cap that made her look like Juliet, met Mr. Dahl at the foot of the steps, and he stared at her in such astonishment that Clarissa, who was following, burst out laughing.

Then he made a quick bow and passed on, but his face still showed the effect of that moment's fascination.

"Well, Doris," said Clarissa teasingly, "it seems that our tutor has realized for the first time how pretty you are! Which," she persisted calmly in the face of Doris's laughter, "is very tardy of him, since you remarked upon his good looks the very morning he arrived!"

"Don't be a goose, Clarissa," said Doris. But she arranged her train with some satisfaction nevertheless, allowing it to trail becomingly instead of holding it up as she had been doing.

"It just goes to show," went on Clarissa placidly, "what a big difference clothes make! As long as you've been running round in middy blouses and short skirts Mr. Dahl hasn't noticed what you looked like, but just now he got a real jar! That long silk dress makes you look a young lady."

"Well, I've passed my sixteenth birthday," Doris reminded her complacently. And she began to wonder whether her mother would not hereafter let her dress more maturely.

The dinner bell soon clanged joyously, calling alike to those in the house and to those who had wandered afiel. And as the doors of the dining room rolled open and disclosed the long table, the white damask, the yellow chrysanthemums, the glittering silver and glass and the heaps of oranges and apples and grapes the household forgot even



"The treasure has been stolen"

DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

the Dolgoruki jewels in the promise of that shining scene.

There was no such thing as a second table for children at Bow View plantation—no such thing as making the hungry youngsters wait for their dinner until their elders were done. The breakfast room, which adjoined the dining room, was arranged specially for every young person under twelve, and there their nurses served them turkey and cranberries at the same time the older people were feasting in the other room. Daisy had had to sit in the breakfast room in past years, but at this reunion she was old enough for the main table, and she was proud of it.

The great annual feast began, and over the whole plantation from the mansion of the master to the homes of the overseers and the big laundry where the field hands were being fed everybody was either eating or serving while the placid midday sun looked down benignly. The very dogs appeared to have carried a bone or two under the house and settled down to gnaw them in peace and content.

And not only were the people at the plantation house absorbed in their dinner, they were even noisy over it. They told jokes and laughed long, and everyone seemed to talk at the same time. Afterwards the girls and boys remembered with suspicion that even the tutor had told some excruciatingly funny tales over which the old men in the gathering had guffawed until the rafters rang. It seemed to amuse him to make them laugh like that, but whether he did it in a spirit of malice to make them prove by their noise that they were the barbarians he believed them to be, or whether he was only trying to enter into the good-fellowship of the occasion, his pupils could not decide at the time.

Later they wondered if there might not have been a third reason for his efforts to keep the noise at its height.

Toward the end of the meal a discussion arose concerning the orders of knighthood among the Dolgoruki relics. It was decided

that after dinner the encyclopedias in the house should be made to yield what information they could concerning them. Doris, stealing a glance at the tutor, wondered whether he could not give them the information much more surely and quickly than any encyclopedia, but he said not a word on the subject. So after the long dinner was over the men drifted out of the dining room to the library, where some one soon found an article illustrated with colored plates on orders of knighthood. Some of the pictures so closely resembled the orders among the Dolgoruki relics that two of the gentlemen went hastily to fetch them from the office safe that they might compare them in detail. And that was when they discovered that the treasure was gone!

Doris and Clarissa and Daisy, feeling rather uncomfortable in their fancy costumes, were going up stairs to change into their own clothes again when they heard a sudden hubbub below them. Looking over the banisters, they saw pandemonium break loose among the group of adults standing in the halls and scattered through the rooms. There were shouts and shrieks and a wild babble of talk too shrill for ordinary conversation. People began running toward the office and crowding round the door, and the air was filled with lamentations and imprecations. The girls asked one another what was the matter and were almost afraid to go downstairs and find out.

"Basil!" screamed Clarissa, catching sight of her brother running down the hall. "What has happened?"

"The treasure has been stolen," explained Basil, speaking just loud enough to be heard. "The safe was opened while we were at dinner, and the Dolgoruki jewels carried off."

"Was anything else stolen?" asked Doris, hanging over the banisters. Somehow the news did not astonish her a bit.

"No, nothing but the Dolgoruki jewels were taken from the safe," answered Basil. "Uncle Hilary had quite a bit of money that wasn't touched. Queer, isn't it? Does seem

as if an ordinary burglar would have cared quite as much for American dollars as for old jewels!"

Dick came into the hall just then and beckoned to the girls. They hurried down so fast that they tripped constantly over their long dresses. Leading them into the now deserted library, Dick closed the door and locked it.

"What are we going to do?" he asked significantly. "Shall we tell what we know about Mr. Dahl and Sakoff?"

"If we tell, what will be the result?" asked Doris. "What would happen to Mr. Dahl?"

"The sheriff would put him under arrest until Sakoff was caught and cleared of the crime," said Dick. "And if Sakoff couldn't be caught and was proved to be guilty, there is hardly a doubt that Mr. Dahl would have to stand trial as an accomplice. And then we should be put on the stand, and what we could tell would probably send our tutor to the penitentiary! Pleasant idea, isn't it?"

"Then let's not tell," said Doris promptly.

"Uncle Hilary already knows nearly everything that we do," Basil reminded her. "I suggest that we tell him of the incident we witnessed last night and then leave everything in his hands. He'll know better how to use the information than we and will save us from making more trouble for Mr. Dahl than is necessary."

"Why don't we tell Mr. Dahl himself what we know and demand an explanation?" asked Clarissa. "We know of his relations with Sakoff; we know that Sakoff was the leader of the men who came here looking for the treasure early in the autumn, and we know that Mr. Dahl discovered the jewels before we did and said nothing about it! That mysterious conference between him and the little Russian last night caps the climax! I think it's time we are asking him for an explanation!"

"And putting him on his guard by letting him know that we suspect him?" inquired Dick. "No, I think it's better to do as Basil suggests and leave everything to father. That will relieve us of the responsibility. Let's hunt up father right now and tell him what passed between Mr. Dahl and Sakoff last night."

But when they found Mr. Cuthbert he would not listen to anything they had to say. The genial planter had never been so sharp with them before. He said shortly that he was much too harassed and busy to be worried by any more of their nonsense. He sent them out of the room where he was engaged with the sheriff and a posse that was preparing to start off on the trail of the thief, and he slammed the door behind them in a way that forbade them to interrupt again. The boys and girls looked at one another with an understanding of the situation that was too complete for offense. Mr. Cuthbert was afraid to listen to what they might have to tell him!

"Father is scared to death that Mr. Dahl is mixed up in this," remarked Dick as he and his sisters and cousins walked away together. "He is trying to deceive himself that all we have told him is children's foolishness, but in his heart he knows how important it is. Well, we've done our part anyhow! I'm not nuts about those Dolgoruki valuables, and their disappearance doesn't leave us any worse off than we were before. On the contrary it may prevent a rip-snorting family row!"

The rest of that day and the long night passed exactly as time would pass in a household that had glimpsed a great treasure and then had lost it. The Dolgoruki jewels, which for fifty years the family had almost forgotten existed, had become the most important thing in life to the Cuthbert clan. To lose them in twenty-four hours after finding them was too much!

But more was to happen. The next morning Mr. Cuthbert summoned his own children and Basil and Clarissa to his office and informed them with a grim expression on his face that he had some news for them. "We've lost another treasure!" he announced.

"What do you mean, father?" asked Dick.

"Your tutor has flown! He must have left last night about bedtime. His trunk is still here of course, but with the Dolgoruki jewels in his pocketbook he can quickly replenish his wardrobe. Now you won't have to do any lessons today! Aren't you glad?"

"I won't believe it!" cried Doris vehemently. "I mean I won't believe that Mr. Dahl is a thief or the confederate of one! I'm quite sure he is a member of the Dolgoruki family and had a right to the treasure if he took it."

"The Dolgoruki family has no right to the

treasure," replied her father. "Legally it's ours. So your theory won't hold, Doris. Any way we look at it, it seems that I brought you children an out-and-out thief for a tutor. Now I am ready to listen to what you had to

tell me yesterday. I was an idiot not to listen then. What was it?"

They told him.

"Well, well! The proof is overwhelming, isn't it? It couldn't be any more conclusive.

Exit Mr. Louis Dahl, gentleman of the road!"

Thereupon Doris, after again hotly refusing to believe the evidence against the tutor, astonished everyone by bursting into tears.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KIND

By Frank Braden

*Being the Fifth in the Series
Chronicles of Adventure*

THERE is a little town in Michigan—Bad Axe—where they still date the happenings of one season in this fashion: "Yes, that took place the year the circus tiger got loose."

The coming of the big show to Bad Axe was in itself a momentous event, but the escape from its cage of a Royal Bengal tiger—the famous and powerful Attila, known throughout the world of the "big tops" as a killer—put Bad Axe on the circus map, so to speak, and gave the residents of village and county a red-letter day. It was quite a day even for the old-timers among the circus animal men—veterans who had been among those present at scores of escapes of caged creatures of the jungle.

It was high noon. The street parade—"two miles of gold and glitter," as the flamboyant posters had it—had returned to the lot, followed by hundreds upon hundreds of appreciative men, women, boys and girls, all hot, perspiring, excited and dusty, but also happy. Many of them had driven into town in old-fashioned spring wagons, driven dubiously, for it had been hard to believe that the big show was really coming to Bad Axe. But the sight of the long strings of flat cars, stock, elephant and sleeping cars on the railway sidings, the sweeping spreads of big top and menagerie canvas on the show lot and then the actual passing in review of the impressive street parade reassured them; their holiday was secure.

The last of the six-horse teams had swung under the raised side wall of the menagerie tent, pulling its cage of wild beasts into place in line behind the guard ropes. Ladders had been placed against many of the ornate wagons, so that the young women performers who had ridden through the streets seated on benches atop of them might descend.

From the top of the hippopotamus den girls belonging to the Flying Ward troupe were hastening to the ground when one, Bee Starr, a child somersault, suddenly screamed. "Attila! Attila!" she cried. "He's out! He's loose. There, over there—under the lion cage!"

Almost at the same moment, menagerie attendants, drivers, horses and townspeople, peering into the menagerie from beyond the raised side wall, sighted the great, striped beast slinking slowly along under the line cages.

Pandemonium!

Menagerie men rushed for steel forks and rolls of side wall. Townspeople scattered in terror. Horses reared and snorted, some screeching in their frenzy. Jungle cats, startled, roared. Elephants, straining at newly fastened leg chains, faced toward the escaped killer; their little eyes were blazing red with age-old hate as they trumpeted their readiness for combat.

The little aerial performer who had sounded the alarm scampered up the ladder to the top of the hippopotamus den and tried vainly to hurl the ladder aside.

"Here," said a voice, "I'll help you."

She looked down into the blue eyes of a tall, blond youth clad in flannel shirt, corduroy trousers and laced woodsmen's boots. He lifted the ladder away from the den and was turning to lay it against the den wheels, when a scream filled the tent. The youth whirled to see the huge tiger, which had leaped twenty feet, bearing to the ground a burro tied in the zebra lines down the centre of the zoo oval. With its death cry the burro lay still; its back was broken. With the ladder poised over his head the youth ran toward the tiger as animal men armed with stakes and forks closed warily in. Attila crouched, for the moment nonplussed.

"Heads up!" cried the tall youth and brought the ladder down with a crash on the tiger's head.

The ladder flew into pieces, but Attila,

giant striped killer, relaxed, rolled on his side and lay quiet. In an instant the men passed pieces of side wall round the beast and heaved him back into his cage, the door of which by some accident had become unlocked.

Chris Zeitz, boss of the menagerie, looked the strange youth over admiringly. "You an animal man?" he asked.

"No, but I've had some experience with bears, moose, deer and wildcats in the north," answered the boy.

"Want a job?" inquired Chris smilingly.

"You bet—in just a minute," said the youngster. He walked over to the polar bear cage, shouldered a ladder and went to rescue little Miss Starr, who was sitting on top of the hippopotamus den, watching the dazed Attila. When she reached the ground she thanked him and added, "You're an animal man, aren't you?"

"Yes, miss," he replied and smiled, "I guess I am. Looks like I'm hired. I've always liked animals, the wilder the better, and I'm going to join up with this outfit. Beats the lumber business, I think."

"That's nice," she said, and to Chris she called, "Give this big-game hunter a job, Mr. Zeitz. He's a good man to have around when Attila goes calling!"

Then she was off to the dressing room and out of this story, which is not a romance, but a narrative of how Louis Ross, a blond woodsman with an understanding of animals, started a new school of lion, tiger, leopard, puma and jaguar training—a school dedicated to the proposition that all wild creatures are "human" under their skins and, being so, respond willingly to training, submit docilely to man's mastery, once their

leave town at ten o'clock each night, so as to have everything ready in the next stand when the other sections pull in. A circus is like an army, son. It travels on its stomach, as George W. Napoleon put it; so we hustle ahead and have the eats ready when the main body rolls in next morning. We are the 'early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise' lads."

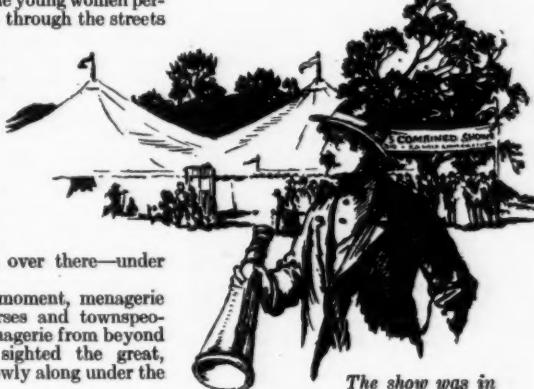
And so Louis found out, for it was scarcely daylight when the menagerie bosses came through the car, routing out their gangs. Beside a six-horse driver on the lion cage Louis rode to the lot. The cookhouse men were at it; their tents were up; the smoke was curling upward from their ranges. Louis was not yet a trainer, and he lent a hand in the task of rolling out the great pieces of canvas that made up the menagerie top, lacing them together and sliding into their grommets the side-wall poles before the elephants, straining at the ends of long rope hawsers, pulled the top toward the peaks of the towering centre poles. It was work, but interesting work, and when the meal flag ran up the cookhouse halcyon and the bosses called, "Time to go and get it!" the boy was not backward in reaching the long tables with their red cloth covers where steak, eggs, potatoes, bread, butter and jam, milk and piping hot coffee awaited several hundred of the working force.

Soon the second section arrived, and big-top wagons and parade paraphernalia in tableau cars began streaming into the lot, making swiftly for their ordained spots here and there over the grounds. Lastly performers and staff, each of the women carrying a little handbag, poured in groups across the busy scene to the cook tents. The show was in. The big-top poles creaked upright as elephants and teams hauled at the tackle. The cookhouse pennant came fluttering down. First call for parade sounded.

Louis was busy cleaning the bear cages, and each time he passed Attila pacing to and fro he winked at him. But the big cat gave no heed. In his greenish-yellow eyes was a far-away look. He had no time for a mere animal man, even if the man had broken a ladder over his head the day before. "Never mind, Attila," said Louis to himself, "I'll talk turkey to you later."

It was weeks before Louis had a chance to try his hand at training, but that chance came in public and therefore was of note. In accepting the offer to put Prince, a great brown bear, through his paces in the steel arena Louis underestimated the effect his first public appearance might have on his own nerves, but he liked bears, especially Prince, and was quite confident that he and the friendly old fellow would pull off the act with honor. Prince always brought his tricks to a climax by standing on the top-most of half a dozen piled-up tables and rocking them slowly back and forth until it seemed to the crowds that every swing must send them all tumbling to the ground, Prince with them. However, when they did fall Prince was wont to reach lazily out, grasp a rope surreptitiously let down by the property men and descend coolly hand over hand, or rather paw over paw.

Louis had received a new uniform shortly before his appearance. It was a gaudy red-and-gold affair, and he was proud of it. When he stepped smartly to the front of the



The show was in



M.P.

arena and saluted the audience with a flourish of his cap he experienced a mighty thrill of pride, and then stage fright seized him. He trembled violently as he began arranging the tables, and Prince, taught to waltz round the cage during that part of the programme, hesitated at Louis's uncertain cues. The animal understood the lad's nervousness. Suddenly Prince reached out and tore at Louis's trousers. Startled, the boy grasped a table and placed it before him. Prince tore it from his grasp, advancing. Louis's voice was gone, and his teeth were chattering. He hastily reached for another table. Prince threw it aside, and the audience was then treated to the spectacle of a frenzied trainer in torn trousers running here and there for tables while a great bear in sportive mood tore them from his grasp and tried with great glee to rip off his trainer's gay red pantaloons. The crowd roared with laughter. It was the funniest thing that had ever happened at any circus!

Then the spirit of Louis Ross revived. He got back his voice. "Prince! Waltz!" he commanded. "Waltz!"

He forced himself to advance, and with whirrs of his whip he cowed the bear, talking himself back into courage. Prince hesitated; then, seeing that the trainer had control of himself, he meekly began his dance. The act finished amid cheers.

Louis had learned a great lesson. "Since that day," he says, "I have always had myself in hand when working with animals. A man must be master of himself before trying to master any creature."

Each day Louis held long chats with Attila. The great cat, which had killed one trainer and badly lacerated several, grew to welcome Louis's visits. The tiger would rise and nose along the bars as Louis talked. Chris Zeitz often declared that Attila purred when Louis, extremely alert, would venture to stroke his flanks. Finally the boy obtained Chris's permission to enter the cage. Between the matinée and night show in Galveston he made the experiment, armed with prod and chair while Chris himself stood at the end door ready to aid. Animal men and



DRAWINGS BY HENRY PITZ

staff gathered eagerly to watch with anxiety the conquest of Attila, the killer.

The boy talked to the tiger quietly for several minutes, then slipped easily into the cage. For a moment Attila blinked his astonishment at the effrontery; then he set to spring. Talking gently, Louis stood motionless with the chair poised as a shield and the prod at the ready. The crowd held its breath. Chris had given strict orders against any outcry. With eyes narrowed to yellowish slits, tail swishing ever so slightly, but stiff with the tenseness of gathered muscles, Attila gazed into Louis's eyes. Louis stared unflinchingly into the yellow eyes of the killer, and his talk poured soothingly on. It was a memorable clash of wills. For eight minutes the eyes of man and beast clung, struggling for mastery. Finally Attila's gaze faltered. He relaxed.

Chris outside sighed with relief. "I never saw a cat so near to a spring and give it up," he breathed to an assistant.

Louis called for a stool. It was shoved in to him. He sat down, talking to Attila in the same gentle cadence. Rising, he pushed the chair against the tiger, prodding him until he rose to a sitting posture. Once Attila snarled, lashing at the chair in Louis's hand. The boy laughed. "Good old Attila, my little baby, my pretty little baby," he crooned and prodded gently. The animal was in the corner, and the prodding could indicate only one thing—the trainer wished him to get on the stool. Louis saw in the beast's eyes the flash that came with understanding.

An old trainer outside saw it too. "Now's the time to force him!" he exclaimed. "Jab him now. He knows the trick you want. Force him!"

But Louis continued the gentle prodding. Snarling, the tiger began leaping from side to side, madly trying to evade doing what he knew the man wanted him to do. "Here's where I could go the route these other trainers went, Chris," said Louis, "but I'll have

him doing this willingly before five minutes, and in public he'll show audiences that he enjoys it—if not beaten into it. Watch!"

Attila ceased leaping. Louis's chair, which had been swinging in arcs before the tiger's nose, became still. Then the trainer closed in slowly with gentle talk; his prod indicated the stool and then pushed the beast toward it. For several minutes Attila stood still. Then without warning he clambered on to the stool and sat down.

Louis was exultant. "By George! It's the only way. Look at him! I declare he's grinning! Attila, you old fraud, you're not bad. You're a regular fellow, Attila."

Thus began the famous eighteen-tiger act, as it is known in the circus business. Each Royal Bengal actor Louis trained in the same fashion. All of them he taught to ride horses; the instinctive fear that the horses had for the tigers he overcame by keeping them near each other for days, with bars between them of course. The tigers' instinct to tear the horses to shreds he conquered by watchfulness, by forcing the cats to see that in attacking the horses they attacked him. Many of them leaped on him in the years it took to "break" the act. Once Soudan and Bengal stood with their cheeks pressed against his. It was a trick that Louis did at the opening of his performance to indicate the affection his animals had for him, and by the way, if you ever meet Louis, don't ask him if his animals love him. He'll rave, for he thinks that the world should see that his pets adore him. That night he stood with his cheeks pressed to those of Soudan and Bengal. Suddenly for no cause at all Soudan turned and sank his fangs through Louis's cheek and jaw. Sick with the pain of it, Louis did not move. Slowly with all the care of which he was capable he reached up, gently forced the tiger's jaws apart and removed from his flesh the cruel fangs. Had he so much as started when Soudan attacked him, Bengal would have torn in. In agony Louis went on with the act. As he stepped from the arena he fainted. Seven thousand people who had sat in horror through the ordeal rose in their seats and cheered him.

The two tigers have done the trick thousands of times since, and neither has ever made a move to hurt Louis. He did not punish Soudan. "You see I did not let him know he had hurt me," he explained. "But," he added laughingly, "my face will not be there if he turns again. I keep my hand on the right muscles. I will beat him to it if ever he should try again."

Because Louis Ross has been a pioneer in the kindly school of training wild animals he has sometimes suffered for his forbearance; in fact he bears forty-two jagged scars on his body, including the disfiguring ridge that Soudan's attack left in his cheek.

For years the blond young ex-woodsman presented twenty-seven full-grown African lions in a spectacular act, easily the largest group that has been presented in America within two decades. During the performance one night the two largest lions, Samson and Kaiser, sprang at each other without preliminary ado. Kaiser bowed the trainer over as he leaped at Samson. In an instant all of the twenty-seven lions were fighting fiercely in the arena—a writhing, biting, slashing mass of jungle kings, with Louis completely out of sight beneath. It took the entire force of circus animal men ten minutes to stop the combat, for no man dared enter the arena. With long steel bars and fire brands, they worked feverishly from outside the big cage.

Meanwhile they were sure that Louis was being torn to ribbons. But the young man had remained cool. As he fell beneath the tidal wave of battling beasts he turned face downward and lay motionless. The action saved his life, for when the lions were at last driven into the runway leading from the arena the rescuers picked the trainer up unconscious, badly cut in twenty places, but very much alive.

When he revived he laughed. "You see, it was a gentlemen's quarrel," he said whimsically, "and it was up to me to see fair play and not to interfere. I was the referee, and I was keeping score." He looked at his cruelly lacerated arms and body a bit ruefully. "Some scoreboard!" he concluded.

Louis did not punish Samson and Kaiser, but for days he gave them extra rehearsals together and instantly quelled the slightest exhibition of resentment either might make toward the other until he was assured that they understood what the extra work was for. "See how simple it is!" he exclaimed. "Samson understands; Kaiser understands, and they both know I understand. We are working and progressing in unison. It's solid

ground we're covering. It's more than animal training—it's animal education!"

One day Attila, leaping savagely for his dinner as the menagerie attendants pushed a meaty bone under the bars, broke a big molar off at the gum. Louis saw that a dental operation was immediately necessary, for the great tiger bit fiercely on the snagged tooth to combat the pain. Between shows Louis had the cage pulled into the open, where the light was good. Over and over he told Attila that he would not hurt him. Soothingly he talked as he made ready lassos to lift over the tiger's paws in order to draw his legs under him and pull him to the bars, where the dental work could be done. Attila understood that his master meant no harm, but he was no more in favor of session in a dentist chair than a small boy is. In spite of Louis's reassuring flow of words it was a tedious, though exciting, task to throw the loops over the tiger's paws. Time and again Ross succeeded only to have the panic-stricken beast rear and elude the tightening lariat. Spectators stood and admired the supreme patience of the trainer. Not once did Louis's voice betray the exasperation he must have felt.

After thirty minutes, when even the spectators were exhausted with the strain, the trainer managed to loop the fore feet and

draw them together. The hind feet were then fastened, and the animal thrown. After that Attila seemed to take it for granted that Louis knew best. He made no outcry, no move, as Louis, after passing loops about the lower and upper jaws to force the mouth open, went swiftly and expertly to work with forceps and knife and cotton. What had a few minutes before seemed impossible became absurdly simple. The sight of the great, striped creature lying there so quietly could not but impress the most thoughtless. Here was a giant Royal Bengal tiger, a notorious killer before he became a pupil of Louis Ross, submitting to a painful operation without the slightest remonstrance; he understood that his master was taking the only means of helping him.

Quickly the trainer finished the job, and quickly Attila was on his feet, licking his jaw placidly, seemingly with relief. "Come here, Attila! Come to me, my baby!" called Louis. And the tiger came. "My nice big boy, my pet. It's all right now, isn't it, Attila?" whispered the trainer, stroking the flanks of the beautiful creature.

There was no doubt about it. Chris Zeitz was right. Attila, one-time killer, but now a thoroughly educated and dignified performer, purred—purred like a house cat!

THE JUDGMENT OF SERGEANT MURPHY

By James Sharp Eldredge



HEN Private Angelo Enrico Polaccio first reported for duty at the Fifteenth Observation Squadron Lieutenant Porter, the adjutant, took one look at him and then

threw up his hands in despair. "He's the rawest material I ever saw, bar none!" the adjutant declared.

"Whist, sorr," First Sergeant Murphy replied conciliatingly. "I think the boy's the stuff in him to make a soldier. That I do."

"Murphy, Murphy, your judgment is generally perfect, I'll admit, but this time it's positively rotten! You must be getting old. No, we had better transfer him to a vocational training school where he can learn English."

"Leave him be, sorr," Murphy urged. "He'll pick up the speech, and the boys'll take the kinks from out of him. There's a look in his eyes that tells me he'll come round in good shape."

Porter shrugged his shoulders. "All right. We'll keep him. Only it's your funeral, Murphy. Remember, if he disgraces the squadron, you'll have to do the explaining."

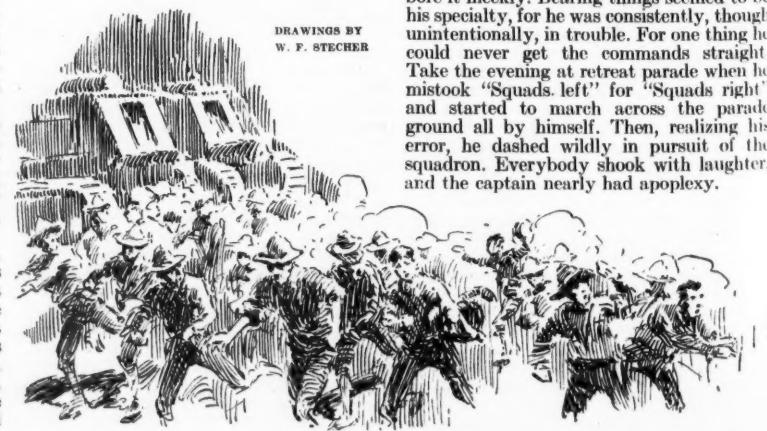
"I'll do it, sorr."

Private Angelo Enrico Polaccio started out in the Fifteenth Observation Squadron at Chalmers Field, Illinois, under a heavy handicap, a magnificent ignorance of the English language. After signing his name to some papers that turned out to be an application for citizenship he had walked from Ellis Island, straight into the arms of a recruiting sergeant who was out to make a "record." From a bundle wrapped in a shirt Angelo had produced credentials showing that he had served in the Italian air service and knew something about aeronautical motors. Before he realized it he had signed his

name on the dotted line and was scheduled for three years in Uncle Sam's air service. The air service needed men badly at the time.

In the squadron the men joyously took advantage of Angelo's ten-word vocabulary to make him the butt of every ancient joke that could be played on a recruit. First they gave him a large barrel, which he patiently rolled from hangar to hangar in search of a "barrel of propeller wash." Now the veriest tyro in the air service knows that propeller wash is the air churned up by an aeroplane propeller when the machine is in flight and is not carried in supply rooms. But Angelo did not know, and it took him a day to find out. Every stock-room clerk that he asked appeared to be just out of the commodity but cheerfully directed him to another stock room farther on. After making the rounds of the field Angelo returned empty-handed and found out what propeller wash really is. Next he went after "fifty feet of dead line" and after visiting several stock rooms found that the dead line is an imaginary line in front of the hangars along which the aeroplanes are parked. The climax came when the company clerk, who was gifted with a good imagination, sent Angelo to the guardhouse for a "pound of A. W. O. L."—letters that mean "absent without leave." The provost sergeant, being an acidulous person totally lacking a sense of humor, promptly locked Angelo up. It took the adjutant half a day to get his release, and then the clerk took his place. That put a damper on playing jokes.

Angelo was a slim, olive-skinned son of Italy with a pair of questioning black eyes. He was young, he was nondescript, and yet there was something vaguely likable about him. The men named him "Wop"; they deemed "Angelo" too cumbersome. Angelo bore it meekly. Bearing things seemed to be his specialty, for he was consistently, though unintentionally, in trouble. For one thing he could never get the commands straight. Take the evening at retreat parade when he mistook "Squads left" for "Squads right" and started to march across the parade ground all by himself. Then, realizing his error, he dashed wildly in pursuit of the squadrons. Everybody shook with laughter, and the captain nearly had apoplexy.

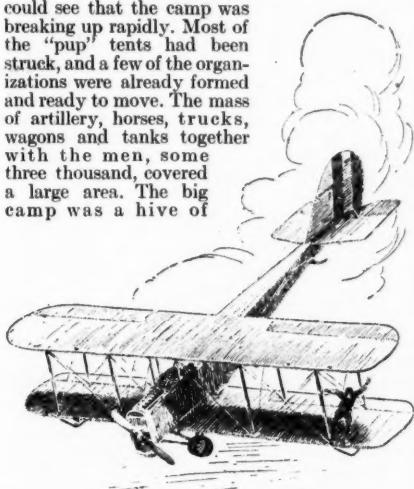
DRAWINGS BY
W. F. STECHER

But Angelo had one redeeming feature. He had fallen in love with the Liberty motor. As a result of his work in the Italian air service he had a mechanic's touch that was magical; in the shortest possible time he could change the petulant popping and spitting of the worst-ailing motor to a contented roar. That meant much in an outfit that was short of men and that worked ten aeroplanes overtime throughout the summer. So Angelo lived, berated because of his trouble with English, but pardoned because of his love of the four-hundred-horse-power motor.

In the midsummer Lieutenant Porter was ordered to fly his plane to Camp Sharp in Michigan to assist in the manoeuvres at the great summer training camp there. Because of the amount of work that was being carried on the only mechanic available was Angelo, and with many misgivings, which he freely expressed, Lieutenant Porter selected the recruit to accompany him. He did not do so, however, until he had extracted a promise from his commanding officer to send him at the earliest possible moment a mechanic who "could talk." Except that it took a lot of time and energy to make Angelo understand what was wanted the services of the little Italian were good. He literally lived with the motor of the plane and kept it in proper shape.

There came a time in August when most of the personnel of Camp Sharp left the barracks to engage in field manoeuvres. Naturally Lieutenant Porter and his plane were much in evidence. One sun-bathed morning all the artillery, one brigade, which had been concentrated for a few days at the southern end of the big reservation, was breaking camp preparatory to going out on the range when Porter, who was acting as an aerial courier in addition to his other duties, guided his plane low over the mass of men and guns while Angelo, standing erect in the rear cockpit, dropped a message bag full of orders in front of headquarters of the brigade.

From the air the two fliers could see that the camp was breaking up rapidly. Most of the "pup" tents had been struck, and a few of the organizations were already formed and ready to move. The mass of artillery, horses, trucks, wagons and tanks together with the men, some three thousand, covered a large area. The big camp was a hive of



He leaned far out and waved his free arm in sweeping gestures

activity, filled with scurrying figures, intent each on his particular work. To Porter as he sent his vibrant, roaring plane up to gain altitude after dropping the message it seemed that every available inch of space below the machine and for a mile in every direction was covered with khaki.

Then things began to happen. The smooth roar of the motor became broken as the aeroplane reached six hundred feet. There was a final sputter, then silence unbroken save for the singing of the bracing wires as the machine began to glide downward. A drive-shaft in the motor had crystallized and snapped,—something that happens once in a while,—and the power plant of the aeroplane was now dead and useless.

Porter, whose nerves ordinarily were of iron, was momentarily staggered when he realized what had happened. The plane would have to land at once, and there was no place to land, except somewhere on that khaki mat below. The machine did not have enough altitude to glide to the open ground beyond. The toll of soldiers' lives when the plane plunged down in their midst would be appalling. The men on the ground were used to seeing the plane skim over their heads and would not realize their danger until too late. There were open spots below, to be sure, but

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

none were large enough on which to land Porter's plane, which required at least a two hundred yard straightaway. The danger of rushing into the men was ever present.

There was no time to hesitate, however. Since the power was gone, the plane had to come down. It could not be held in the air for more than a minute. Porter picked the line of heavy brown tanks and let the machine head toward them. Not many men were visible round the huge masses of metal, and he could perhaps land close to one, crash into it and stop the plane. He would wreck the machine of course, but he would avoid injuring anyone on the ground. The alternative was to let the plane either dive straight down or tailspin into the earth. He discarded both expedients because they were equivalent to dropping a bomb into the midst of the men below. By the method he had chosen he would at least have control over the plane until the moment of impact. Porter had totally forgotten about himself.

Something brushed his left shoulder, and he glanced round in time to see Angelo with the agility and speed of a monkey step past him across the footboard of the broad, lower wing of the plane and make his way along the front spar, deftly holding to the bracing wires and interplane struts, to the tip of the left wing. There, hanging with one hand, he leaned far out. Ordinarily it takes time to climb out on a wing, but Angelo had loosened his gunner's belt and scrambled out in a matter of seconds.

Now the plane was near the ground, and the men had begun to realize their danger. Instead of scattering, however, they became panic-stricken and huddled in the path of the swooping engine of death.

Porter's first thought, as he braced his muscles against the control sticks to counteract the weight on the wing, was that Angelo had entirely lost his head. He shouted to him to come back. But the mechanic soon disproved the officer's conclusion and also let it be known that a "no-account wop" could have ideas of his own. Standing on the front edge of the tip of the left lower wing, holding his precarious position with one hand, he leaned far out and waved his free arm in sweeping gestures. At the same time his voice, shrill and penetrating, rang out clearly. It carried too, for the big motor was silent and an anticipatory, deathlike hush had come over the men on the ground.

"Getta back! Getta back! We bust-ed!" screamed Angelo.

The sight of the clinging, yelling figure at the wing tip of the swiftly descending plane drew the attention of the men and did more in the crisis than the combined efforts of their officers. The men hesitated only for the barest instant after catching the import of Angelo's waving arm; then they dived simultaneously to left and right in response, opening up a broad path before the descending aeroplane.

And in that path, with the deft skill that comes of hundreds of hours of piloting under trying conditions, the officer landed the machine. It struck the ground at fifty miles an hour, rolled along swiftly and before its momentum was even partly exhausted swerved in a slight swale, hooked the right wing into a heavy truck, spun half round and then stopped with a crash. Angelo was snapped clear and landed in an inert heap some distance away.

Porter was lifted from the splintered plane. "Who's hurt?" he asked as he felt his feet on solid ground. The breaking of the wing had absorbed most of the shock. "No one but that game fellow on the wing," some one replied.

The pilot pushed through the ring surrounding Angelo and knelt beside him. Angelo was unconscious, but the ministrations of the regimental surgeon brought him to. As he opened his eyes slowly on Porter's he loosed a stream of liquid Italian, ending with a friendly, apologetic grin.

Porter smiled in return and gripped his hand. "He's not hurt bad, I think," Porter announced. "I don't know what he said, but I do understand that grin."

He turned to a Signal Corps officer. "Is the field radio working? Good! I can get a message through to Chalmers Field right away requesting a new plane. They'll have it to me in the morning. Tell them to send up a temporary mechanic until this man gets on his feet again. Got a pencil?" He wrote: "Lieutenant Porter admits that he made a mistake and that Sergeant Murphy's judgment was correct."

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The Reefs that Polyps rear, the Peaks untrod,
The Towers of Men—alike are Works of God.

TO BE THANKFUL for something you already have is better than being thankful for something you expect.

A SMALL BOY who asked a gardener how he got the water into watermelons received a reply that was worthy of his question. "I plant the seed in the spring," said the gardener.

ABOUT THE YEAR 2000, says an authority on biometry and vital statistics, the population of the United States will reach its greatest height at 197,274,000. Thereafter it will decline, which is good news if the number of automobiles is going to increase in proportion to the population.

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES of producing electric current from water power is that it is comparatively free from the uncertain charge of wages. An interesting example is an automatic plant on the headwaters of the Deerfield River in Vermont. Although it has a capacity of sixty-five hundred horsepower, it runs without attention except from an engineer who visits it occasionally to inspect the machinery, fill the oiling apparatus and set the governing mechanism to produce the desired amount of power. Should serious trouble arise with the generator the plant automatically shuts down and remains idle until some one comes to set it right.

AN INSCRIPTION that is also a sort of dedication ornaments the outside of the new palatial Home of Science recently opened in Washington, District of Columbia. It reads: "To Science, Pilot of Industry, Conqueror of Disease, Multiplier of the Harvest, Explorer of the Universe, Revealer of Nature's Law, Eternal Guide to Truth." This house of wonders is unique among scientific museums in that visitors to it are urged to handle and use any of the exhibits. If you want to use a spectroscope, a microscope or an X-ray machine, you may do it. You can study germs or astronomy; the most delicate and exact instruments are at your disposal. The object is to interest people in the fundamentals of science.

KING GEORGE V is to have a new car—or rather five new cars. The automobile that he has been using was built in 1910. The new limousines are especially adapted for state occasions. They have extra head room to permit His Majesty to wear his field marshal's helmet with the long plumes, and the windows are extra large, to allow admiring subjects a better view of their sovereign. The cars are painted in the royal claret, picked out with vermillion, and the royal arms are emblazoned on the doors and on the back panels. The exterior mountings are of bronze, the upholstery is in blue morocco, and the interior fittings are of silver. Truly the cars are "fit for a king."

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT has ordered that a search be made for certain subterranean chambers in the Kremlin at

Moscow in which the secret library of Czar Ivan IV, called Ivan the Terrible, is supposed to be concealed. That versatile ruler and cultivated book lover suffered from the mania of thinking that he was constantly the object of persecution, and so wherever he stayed for any length of time he had secret subterranean chambers constructed. In the Kremlin, tradition says, he concealed his famous library of eight hundred original manuscripts, among them the priceless texts that the Greek princess Sophia Paleologue brought as her dowry to her husband, the Czar Ivan III, in the fifteenth century.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENT

To one who observes political events without prepossessions the late election appears to have been a distinct personal triumph for President Coolidge. Succeeding to the leadership of his party by accident, faced at once by revelations of official negligence and dereliction in the very administration he inherited, obstructed in his policies by conspicuous Republicans and at last obliged to contend against the open defection of many of the nominal leaders of the party in the West, it was only reasonable to believe that his reelection would be extremely doubtful. He was probably helped by the rift in the Democratic party that appeared in the New York convention and that never was completely healed even by the nomination of Mr. Davis, who had managed to avoid entanglement with either faction of the party. The President was helped also by the fact that Senator La Follette's candidacy drew as many votes from the Democrats as from the Republicans. And yet, when all allowances are made, the fact remains that no one who did not command an unusual degree of respect and confidence of the voters could have overcome the weaknesses of the President's early position and turned them as he turned them into elements of strength.

That feat he accomplished though lacking any conspicuous attraction of personality or any gift of fluent and persuasive speech. During the campaign his opponents vainly tried to arouse opposition to him because he remained silent and relied, as it appeared, on his conduct of the Presidential office and on his single speech of acceptance for his appeal to the people. They spoke of his silence as an indication of timidity. They denied that he had fairly won his reputation for firmness of character and administrative capacity and declared that his single talent was for creating through his obstinate reticence an unjustified impression of "silent strength." That is what both Democratic and Progressive speakers meant by the "Coolidge myth," to which they often referred.

Apparently the voters thought there was something real and dependable behind the "Coolidge myth." They voted for him rather than for either of his brilliant opponents. Why? We believe that it was because they liked the simplicity of his tastes and of his manner of life. They saw in him the man of humble rural origin and quiet, unpretentious living whom the people of a democracy always delight to honor. They did not think of him as a brilliant or original genius in political affairs, but rather as a steady, industrious administrator, personally incorruptible and gifted with the shrewd, homely common sense that has always had a strong appeal for Americans of every state and every section. They thought of him as a common man, but with the best qualities of the common man a little emphasized. They understood him, even though he made no effort to explain himself, and they judged him to be a public official who could be trusted.

The American people have paid the President a high compliment, and we have no doubt that he understands and values the expression of their confidence as it deserves.

ABSENTEE VOTING

WE read recently in the newspapers that the President and Mrs. Coolidge were to vote at Northampton, but without leaving Washington. A few years ago that would have been impossible; but Massachusetts is one of several states that have provided for recording the votes of those whom unavoidable absence prevents from casting their ballots in the ordinary way.

No doubt the procedure differs more or less in the several states, but it is inevitably

somewhat complicated. It cannot be so simple a matter as voting in person. The citizen who foresees that he must be absent from the polls must notify his town or city clerk in advance of election day. He gets a ballot, fills it out, takes it to some designated official, makes oath to his identity and the genuineness of the ballot and carries or mails it to the town clerk. When election day comes the "absentee ballots" are handed to the officials and counted with the others.

The provision is one that all the states should adopt. If our government is to express the will of the people, it should not disfranchise the man who is unavoidably kept away from his voting place on election day. During the Civil War the injustice of depriving of their votes the soldiers who were fighting for the Union was so obvious that arrangements were made for collecting their ballots in the field. Lincoln would have had a narrow escape from defeat in 1864 if that had not been done. But it is only of late years that the civilian voter has received the same consideration, and even today sickness or an unavoidable business trip is enough in many states to deprive a man of his share in the choice of his servants in public office.

The new laws have worked satisfactorily wherever they have been tried. We hope that by the next Presidential election they will have been extended to the entire country.

DROPPING THE BURDEN

SOME drop it so easily! It seems almost as if they had never carried any. The cares of life descend upon them, as they must upon all of us; but they are brushed off like snowflakes or intruding, inconvenient dust. A merry, quiet, innocent heart troubles it self with none of those things.

And there are others who carry the burden always and inevitably and cannot shake it off. Vacation makes no difference. They pick out their refuge with worry, they get to it with worry, they abide in it with worry, because worry abides naturally with them. The sun shines on them, the winds refresh them, the waves laugh at them; but still, still their shoulders are bent and crooked with the invisible burden, which clings like the Old Man of the Sea and cannot be got rid of.

When they have few troubles of their own they carry the troubles of others, perhaps more than the others do themselves. Their quick and vivid imagination loads itself with problems that they at any rate need not solve, and that perhaps no one at all need solve. It is not only the distresses of individuals—they must needs carry the larger burden of the world and draw long faces over difficulties and disasters a thousand miles away.

It is something in the constitution no doubt—those pestiferous glands perhaps that we hear so much of. And there are mysterious psychic complexes that add to the burden as well as account for it. Such people are born carrying the burden, and neither change nor rest nor ease nor diversion will ever quite suffice to rid them of it.

All the same it pays to make a little fight in the matter. At this season we are all settling down again to the winter's work and the winter's troubles. Just make up your mind to drop the burden, even if only for a few moments every day, and to let the rhythms of pure, restful indolence sing themselves idly and happily through your troubled soul.

THE CONSUMER AND HIS DOLLAR

THE statisticians of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington have prepared a chart that should interest every man and woman in the United States. It deals with this important question: how is the dollar that the consumer pays for his food distributed? Those who produce the food have long been aware that they get less of the dollar than they think they are entitled to, but they have never before had a careful and impartial account of what becomes of the money they do not receive. The account is based on evidence collected by a joint commission on agricultural inquiry that Congress authorized, and its conclusions can be summarized in two sentences: "The consumer has come to accept unusual service and convenience as a matter of course and to demand more. Commodity values are lost in a maze of service charges."

The consumer pays for having his bread baked in sunny, sanitary bakeries, wrapped in paraffin paper and delivered at his door.

He pays for having his cereals and groceries done up in fancy packages and delivered in the tradesman's automobile. He pays for the assorting, packing and fast transportation of fruit, which add much to its first cost. Manufacturers and tradesmen compete with one another for his custom by offering more and more service, more and more convenience, more and more assurance of quality. The producer gets a smaller share of the consumer's dollar, because distribution is so costly.

The Smithsonian chart does not include everything we eat. It selects four important foods, each of a different class—bread, meat, oranges and rolled oats. It shows us that every time we spend a dollar for bread the farmer gets 28.1 cents and the railway gets 7 cents for hauling the wheat and flour. It costs only 12.3 cents to make the wheat into bread, but to that must be added 16.4 cents for the cost of selling, 15.7 cents for the retailer's expenses, 8.5 cents for the overhead costs of the manufacturer, 2.8 cents for the elevator charges and overhead. The manufacturer's profit is put at 5.7 cents and the retailer's at 2.9 cents.

But of every dollar spent for rolled oats the farmer gets 17.8 cents, and the railway gets 10 cents. Nine cents is the cost of manufacture, 1.7 cents is the elevator cost, 15.4 cents the cost of advertising and selling, 2.6 cents the manufacturer's taxes and 13.6 cents his profits. The wholesaler gets 8 cents, and the retailer a profit of 5.4 cents after he has paid his store expense of 15.7 cents.

In the matter of beef the farmer fares better. He gets 67.7 cents of the consumer's dollar, the railway 8.9 cents. The cost of converting the steers into meat is 11 cents. The rest goes to the retailer for his costs and profits.

As for oranges, the grower gets 31 cents of the consumer's dollar, the railway 21 cents, and nearly half a dollar is divided between the commission merchant and the retailer.

It is evident that meat is more economically distributed than any other food, and that no doubt is because the meat industry is concentrated in a few, economically efficient hands—in short in the "meat trust." Other foods are high, not because the necessary cost of production is high, but because of elaborate systems of selling and distributing, in which competitors find it to their advantage to bid for business with offers of service and convenience, which the buyer accepts—and pays for.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

WOMEN have had the right of suffrage for several years both in Great Britain and in the United States. Some of them have sat in Parliament and in Congress. Here and there a woman has been elected to state or municipal office, and other women have been nominated and failed of election. It cannot be said that as a sex they have shown much ambition for office, or that the voters, when there have been women candidates, have shown any particular prejudice either for them or against them.

What would have happened if women had followed the advice of some of their leaders and aspired to office, not as Republicans or Democrats, or as Conservatives or Laborites, but simply as women, we do not know. It is noteworthy that they have not done that, and the number who have displayed any marked political ambition is on the whole small—smaller than most persons anticipated when the suffrage was conferred upon them. We may expect the number to increase as a generation of women arises that has always been familiar with the idea of woman as a voter, but we do not expect women in general to be diverted from their interest in their homes and the management of them to the uncertainties and harassments of public life. We believe that there will always be a good many more men than women running for office.

In the recent parliamentary elections in Great Britain the women candidates did not fare well, partly because there were so many of them on the Labor list and Labor was badly beaten. There remain four women in the House of Commons—three Conservatives, headed by Lady Astor, the American woman who has shown a political gift that many of her masculine colleagues must envy, and one Laborite, Miss Bondfield, who was a member of the Labor ministry, went down to defeat in Northampton.

In this country two women were candidates for the office of governor on major-party tickets. Both were Democrats, and both, it is fair to point out, were wives of former governors and owed their political

prominence largely to that fact. Both were elected by decisive majorities, and Mrs. Ross had the additional distinction of carrying her state—Wyoming—in the face of a large majority for the Republican national ticket. These are the most responsible offices to which women have ever been elected, and the nation will watch the gubernatorial careers of Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Ross with interest and sympathy. There was also one woman elected to the new Congress—Mrs. Norton of New Jersey.

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Young Bob Graham, robbed and penniless, chased the thief who had wronged him over land and sea from Cape Breton, past Port-aux-Basques to St. Pierre and Miquelon. He met the tricky London Bird, kindly Arioch Chislett, the codfisherman, and the picturesque crew of the Blanche Tibbo. He endured hardship, he faced danger, and he caught the thief. Such is the theme of

COASTS OF PERIL

by George Allan England, our next serial story. It begins in our issue for December 11 and will run into the new year.

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CURRENT EVENTS

AN analysis of the votes cast in the British election shows that the Conservatives got some 7,400,000, or 2,000,000 more than they got in the election of a year ago. Labor cast 5,500,000 votes, or 1,150,000 more than it cast last December. The Liberals had 2,900,000 votes, or about 1,350,000 less than they had at the last election. The total vote, more than 16,000,000, was extraordinarily large. In order to poll as large a proportion of our citizenship we should have had to show a total vote of about 40,000,000 instead of the 26,000,000 who actually cast.

CUBA too has had a Presidential election. General Machado, the Liberal candidate, defeated former President Menocal, the Conservative, by a small but sufficient majority. The campaign, as is usual in Cuba, was accompanied by a great deal of heat and some violence. Some persons fear that the defeated party may refuse to acquiesce in the popular decision.

THE Department of Agriculture calculates that the prices of farm products as compared with other commodities are at present about as ninety to one hundred. A year ago they were only as sixty-five to a hundred. Crop conditions, here and abroad, have steadily raised farm prices, but general prices have shown a slight tendency to decrease.

LATE in October the French Cabinet determined to recognize the soviet régime as the *de jure* government of Russia. It was reported in Paris that M. Herriot took the step just at that time in the hope that it would in some way strengthen the hands of Mr. MacDonald in the British elections. There is no evidence that it had any such effect. On the other hand, the result of the elections is generally held to make M. Herriot's own position more precarious. It is the

plan to hold a conference in Paris to discuss the economic and financial arrangements between France and Russia. Possibly M. Briand instead of M. Herriot may represent France on that occasion.

THE United Lutheran Church has voted in convention that Christians should labor through some agency or other for the promotion of international good will, but that they may properly engage in "just," or defensive, wars. A number of delegates, however, signed a statement dissenting from the decision on the ground that it laid too much emphasis on the supposed "right" to fight.

MR. UNTERMYER and Mr. Walsh, who are of the counsel acting for the special Campaign Fund Committee, of which Senator Borah is chairman, recommend that the Corrupt Practices Act be amended so as to limit the receipts and expenditures of any national party committee to \$1,000,000. Mr. Walsh is even disposed to reduce the limit to \$300,000. Both men also suggest that no contributions be permitted within two weeks of the election, and that indirect contributions like free advertising be considered as financial contributions and accounted for as such.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S victory in the recent election was more impressive even than his own supporters had expected it would be. He received 382 electoral votes and carried thirty-five of the forty-eight states. Mr. Davis carried the states of the "Solid South" together with Oklahoma and lost the "border states," Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and his own West Virginia. Though in many of the states beyond the Mississippi the Progressive vote was far larger than the Democratic vote, Senator La Follette carried only his own state of Wisconsin. At the time of writing the precise total of the popular vote had not been computed. The President, however, is believed to have received about 14,000,000 votes, Mr. Davis about 8,000,000 and Senator La Follette about 4,000,000. Some of the President's majorities were stupendous. He carried New York over Davis by 850,000, Pennsylvania by 900,000, Illinois by 800,000, Ohio by 600,000, Massachusetts by 400,000, and he carried over Mr. La Follette even such states as Iowa and California, which the Senator was expected to dispute with him on even terms, by more than 200,000. The Progressive vote seems to have been drawn from Democratic even more than from Republican sources, especially in the Eastern states. The Republican majorities were so large that in most instances the state tickets rode into office on the wave of the President's popularity. But two Democratic governors, Smith in New York and Donahey in Ohio, showed great personal strength by carrying their states in spite of the overthrow of their party nationally. The Republicans gained Senators in Kentucky, Massachusetts, Oklahoma and Minnesota and some twenty-five seats in the House of Representatives. They will have a nominal majority of sufficient size in both houses, but the number of Western Republican Senators who are not in close sympathy with the President is so large that in that body at least the actual course of legislation may not always be directed by the Administration.

IT is proposed by the French Senate to change the method of electing the members of the Chamber of Deputies, the popular branch of the French Parliament. Under the present system they are elected by the *scrutin de liste*, which makes the department the unit and which elects all the representatives from a department on a single ticket. Some departments have a great many representatives—that of the Nord for example has twenty-three—and some persons complain that the system gives a disproportionate strength to parties that have often only small majorities. There are certain provisions for proportional representation that come into play when no ticket has a majority, but they are not well-liked and often produce curious and unfair results. The Senate proposes to return to the *scrutin d'arrondissement* where each delegate is returned by his own district, like our members of Congress. The argument against that plan is the increased opportunity for corruption and the tendency of Deputies so elected to be parochial rather than national in their point of view.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



DRAWN BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

IN THE WEATHER FACTORY By Nancy Byrd Turner

*Just as soon as summer's done
Such a flit and flutter!
In the weather factory
Such a clip-and-clutter!
Nuts are begging, "Send us frost!"
In a month or so*

Children will be saying, "Ah, If 'twould only snow!" So the little weather folk Dash around and scurry; Everybody with a job, Working in a flurry.

*"Winkle, Twinkle, mix the frost.
Hoppie, grind the hail.
Make icicles, Nip and Tuck—
Thousands, without fail!
Tippy, start the flake machine
Quickly, and remember—*

*Twenty million tons of snow
Needed by November.
Whipper, Snapper, hurry up!"
Soon as autumn's come,
In the weather factory
Things begin to hum.*

THE MAN WHO FRIGHTENED A GRIZZLY BEAR

By Frances Margaret Fox

THIS is a true story about something that happened not long ago in the wilds of Alaska. A man, who perhaps would not like to have his name told, and a grizzly bear had a great adventure. The gentleman often tells the story to the children of his family, and it may be that the grizzly tells it to his family.

But the man and the grizzly bear that had this adventure couldn't tell the same story about it anyway. The man knows what happened and laughs about it now when the danger is over, but the grizzly bear never did understand what happened to him, and he was so terribly frightened that he probably shivers when he thinks of the adventure even in the summer.

The man was walking alone one day with a pack on his back and an umbrella in his hand. He was going on a short journey over the mountains, and he carried the umbrella, as he had been advised to do, in order to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun. He had also been advised to carry a gun, but that he didn't do.

The man was walking along, thinking about all sorts of pleasant things and using the umbrella for a cane just then, because he was following a trail through a rocky pass where the sunshine was not bright.

About the same time that the man started on his journey a huge old grizzly also started from away over the mountain.

As the man walked, thinking happily, he didn't dream for a minute that a huge old grizzly was coming straight toward him. But suddenly he looked up and there, coming round a curve in the narrow pass, was the bear. The man could see at a glance that he was one of the crossest, hungriest old grizzlies that ever took a walk in the Land of the Grizzly Bears.

The man didn't bow or offer to shake hands; he could see that that would be useless. What to do he didn't know; but he had to think of something quickly, because there was barely room in that part of the trail for two friends to pass. He decided instantly that it wouldn't do to turn round and try to run away.

The grizzly came swiftly toward the man, and the man looked the huge beast square in the eyes and walked to meet him. In his hand he had the umbrella, and old Mr. Grizzly had never seen an umbrella.

The man pointed the umbrella straight at the grizzly. He clicked the little clicker and opened the umbrella straight out toward the astonished grizzly. The umbrella said "swish



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL

FERGUS MACPHERSON, THE PIPER

By Walt Harris

*Oh, Fergus MacPherson could skirl on the pipes;
He could finger the chaunter for warblers so sweet;
When he started the drones all the auld folk and bairns
Began to beat time on the floor with their feet.*

*HIO-DRO-HO, HO-DRO-HO, HA-NIN-IN, HIE-CHIN,
HO-DRO-HA, HO-DRO-HO, HO-DRO-HO, HA-CHIN,
HIO-DRO-HO, HO-DRO-HO, HA-NIN-IN, HIE-CHIN,
Oh, Fergus MacPherson, the piper!*

"woosh-sh-ssh" as it flew open, and "swish-woosh-sh-sh-ssh" and "woosh-sh-sh-ssh" and "click" and "woosh-sh-sh-ssh" it kept saying as it drew nearer and nearer the grizzly. To the bear the umbrella must have looked as if it intended to eat him.

The grizzly backed and backed and backed until he found a spot big enough to turn round in; then round he turned and away he fled.

The last the man saw of the bear he was still running.

PANSY'S HARD GEOGRAPHY LESSON

By Josephine E. Toal

PANSY was in the fourth grade, and she liked geography until she began to study the capitals of the states.

"O dear," she wailed one day as she tossed her geography down on her own little writing desk in the corner of the room, "I didn't have a good lesson today at all. I can't learn those horrid old capitals, and I'm so afraid I shan't get A on my report card!"

Aunt Hazel, who sat embroidering in the sunny sitting-room window, looked up and smiled. "Perhaps tomorrow's lesson will be easier," she said.

Pansy shook her head. "Tomorrow will be worse," she fretted. "Miss Baker said we should review today's lesson and take ten new capitals. That makes twenty-one in all—from Maine clear down to Texas."

Pansy's tears were almost falling, though she tried bravely to hold them back.

Aunt Hazel dropped her work in her lap.

"Suppose we think up some easy way to learn them, Pansy?"

"O Auntie, do you believe we could?"

The little girl looked up eagerly into the smiling eyes that seemed to say, "I am sure we can."

"I wonder if the paper dolls might not help," Aunt Hazel suggested.

Then the cloud on Pansy's face fled. Nobody ever liked to play with paper dolls better than she, and she had such dear ones! They were her greatest treasures: the tiny baby doll in its lovely little bonnet, the girl in the bright red dress and hat to match, the boy with the sailor suit, the mother doll and the father doll, the maid in white cap and apron, the big policeman with his star, the postman carrying his mail bag, the grocery boy, the street-car conductor, the Dutch girl with her market-basket—all in their own kind of gowns or jackets or caps or uniforms. Best of all, Pansy thought, was the bridal party. There were the pretty bride in veil

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

A CHRISTMAS FANCY
By Elisabeth Scollard

When the great sun has gone to rest
Behind the hills that hide the West,
And the lamplight in our living room
Looks like a yellow flower in bloom,
Then I run over to the door,
Though I can't see much any more
Because the world outside is black;
But, spite of that, I don't come back
Until the lights shine in the sky.
My mother says they're stars, but I
Think she is wrong; I'm sure I see
The candles on God's Christmas tree!

and train, the groom in full dress, the minister with his silk hat, the dainty bridesmaids in peach and orchid and yellow with picture hats, and a dear little flower girl all in white. The stout old man was the bride's father, the tall, slender one was the best man. The bride's mother wore a lavender gown and a black hat. And there were all the wedding guests, dressed as differently as the robin and the bluebird.

With shining eyes Pansy ran to bring the box of dolls.

"Now," said Aunt Hazel, "look in the drawer of the library table and you will find a box of paper clips. Bring them, with a pencil, a sheet of writingpaper and a pair of scissors."

Pansy danced away into the library. What in the world was auntie's plan? She couldn't imagine how paper dolls and clips could have anything to do with a geography lesson, but she was sure there was fun somewhere behind it.

Aunt Hazel cut the paper into small slips. Pansy snuggled against her shoulder and watched her pencil as it wrote rapidly on the slips of paper, "Maine," "New Hampshire," "Vermont," "Massachusetts," "Connecticut," "Rhode Island," "New York," and so on; all the coast and gulf states down to Texas, one on each slip.

"Now, with the slips we will fasten the names of the states to the dolls. Let's see. The Dutch girl is short and broad like the state of Maine." Aunt Hazel clipped the word "Maine" to the girl with the market-basket. "Big New York will do for the stout father of the bride."

"Oh, and little Rhode Island will be the baby," giggled Pansy, and her nimble fingers clipped a name to the tiniest doll, "and the other small state, Delaware, must be the flower girl. And oh, let's have Virginia and West Virginia for the bride and groom!"

"How about Texas for the big policeman?" suggested Aunt Hazel.

Pansy clapped her hands. "Just the thing! Auntie, isn't this fun!"

"Now take a good look at them, dear, and be sure you know every doll by its state name."

"Why, I know them 'most all right now, I believe, Aunt Hazel."

It was easy to remember the slender state of Florida as the slenderest bridesmaid, the two Carolinas as the other two, in the peach and orchid dresses, and so on. Soon Pansy could name every one with her eyes shut.

By that time Aunt Hazel had written the name of the capitals also on slips of paper. Pansy clipped them to the doll's hats: "Albany" to the stylish gray hat of the bride's father, "Augusta" to the Dutch girl's cap, "Providence" to the baby's tiny bonnet—every capital with its right state.

"Now, Pansy, take off all the hats, but leave the capitals fastened to the hats."

Pansy laid them in a row—caps, bonnets, hats—but Aunt Hazel gathered them up in her hand. "What is the capital of Delaware?" she asked.

The little girl hesitated. "Trenton," she finally guessed.

Aunt Hazel handed the Trenton hat over, saying, "Try it on Delaware."

**THE DIFFICULTY**
By Mattie Lee Haugen

Jack Bean Stalk said to Riding Hood, "I'll go with you through that dread wood."

But Reddy sighed: "We cannot trade—To climb your bean stalk I'm afraid."

Then how Pansy did laugh! "Trenton" was the postman's cap. Of course it did not belong to the little flower girl.

"Try again, dear."

"Annapolis," was the next guess, and out came the minister's tall hat. Pansy laughed again. "Oh, isn't it funny!"

When at last the little flower girl had found her own dainty hat, Pansy was sure she should never again forget that the capital of Delaware is Dover.

And so the game went on until every doll wore its own becoming hat once more.

"Now, let's try again," Pansy cried. "I think I can do better."

It was astonishing how fast they went down the row this time, getting the right hat the first time for all except four. And how Pansy's eyes danced when the next play she guessed every hat right the first time!

There were no tears when Pansy came home from school the next day. She rushed into the house crying: "O auntie, I had a perfect lesson in geography, and I got A on my report! And, do you know, I almost laughed right out when Mabel Best said Tallahassee was the capital of Alabama, for I could just see in my mind the bridesmaid's picture lace hat on the grocery boy's head, and you don't know how funny it did look!"

She ran to the library for the big mail-order catalogue. "I am going to cut out some more dolls," she said, "and learn the new capitals for tomorrow's lesson, and Mabel is coming over to learn them too."

GETTING ACQUAINTED
By Maud Wilcox Niedermeyer

BINKS, you're a good dog," said Nancy, and she patted the little fellow's head.

"You and I are going to be great friends. Now, let's try that trick again."

Binks gave a short, joyful bark and took the newspaper that Nancy held out to him between his teeth.

"Run along and leave it on the steps," ordered Nancy. "Hurry up, Binks. That's it."

The dog came bounding back, eager for his little mistress's praise. Then they romped over the lawn until they were tired enough to sit down on the grass and rest. Nancy pulled a light green lollipop out of her pocket and began to take off the tissue paper.

A big moving van rattled down the street and stopped before the empty house next door.

"The new people are moving in!" cried Nancy. "O Binks, do you suppose they will have any little boys or girls?"

Binks blinked his eyes and barked.

"If they have, how shall we get acquainted? I do so want a playmate! Look, Binks. Isn't that a little girl sitting on the side porch steps? Oh, it is, it is!"

Binks capered about and barked again, as if he heartily approved of any and everything that his mistress saw or did.

Nancy took a step toward the hedge that divided the two houses. "It really is, and she looks lonesome," she whispered to Binks. "It must be strange to her here. Dare I go over?" She took another step toward the hedge, but drew back. "I tell you, Binks," she said; "you get acquainted for me. That's a good dog. Let me see, what could I send her? Oh, I know. The lollipop! I'm so glad that I didn't eat it!"

Nancy unwrapped a bit more of the paper, and looked hard at the candy. Then she quickly wrapped it again, ran to the steps for the newspaper that Binks had left there and folded it round the lollipop.

"Now Binks," she said, "you run under the hedge and give this to our new neighbor."

Binks scouted along the hedge and as soon as he found an opening, he darted through it. The next instant Nancy saw him pounce upon the girl. The lollipop slid out of the newspaper and the neighbor gave a startled, happy little cry of surprise. Nancy saw her write something on the edge of the paper, and then put it in Binks's mouth.

"Goody, goody!" thought Nancy. "It's a letter, and I love to get letters."

Binks scampered back and dropped the paper before his mistress. Nancy read:

"Thank you for the lollipop. Please come over and help me find the play places here. Louise."

Nancy did not need a second invitation. She crawled through the hedge and ran up to the steps.

"My name's Nancy," she said, "and this is Binks."

And in no time at all they were tramping all over the grounds and planning the good times that they were to have.





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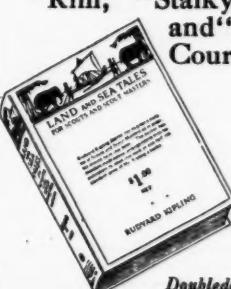
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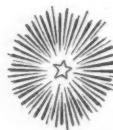
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MY MOTHER



By Maud Mero Doolittle

A little old red schoolhouse once
Held all the care life offered me.
No shadows fell to whisper what
The gray years on beyond might be.
All childish, fanciful alarms
Were quieted in mother's arms.

The mile between that school and home
Was such a glad and merry way
On triumph days; but oh, how long
When I in lessons failed! That day
A little tired figure crept
To refuge sweet and courage kept.

For whether head held high in pride
Or shoulders drooping with disgrace
Revealed my record for the day
To eyes that scanned my baby face,
A welcome waited in the arms
That ever offered soothing charms.

The small red schoolhouse sent me on
Beyond the hills that held my youth,
But still the farmhome drew me back
And strengthened me in love and truth.
A woodsy turn of road—and then
My mother held me close again.

A cloud of grief,—a grassy mound,—
And only memory remains.
There is no old-home week for me—
No stepping back through childhood's lanes;
But to my children may I be
All that my mother was to me.

And though life's roadway winds along
Through tangled ways I may not trace,
I hold a sacred talisman—
A thought that lends me needed grace:
Beyond the last turn I shall see
Those same dear arms outstretched to me.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK

If ever there was a forlorn-looking little waif, it was she, but there was something resolute about her too. She told her story with sorrow and shame, yet with dignity. Her father was a drunkard. Her mother of course had had all she could do; but just now had more than she could do; her mother spoke little English, and she could not scrub as she formerly had done, for there was a baby too small to be left. Between the new baby and his eldest sister, aged twelve, who told the story to the young woman in the church office, were five other youngsters. She was the only one old enough to earn anything, and now they had turned her out of the box factory. The factory inspector had looked at her and was sure she wasn't sixteen; so she was not earning anything now.

Can you see that dark-eyed little maiden who had come from Poland as a baby and spent eight or nine of her dozen years here in poverty and amid the fumes of strong drink and the temptations of the slums?

Toddy sits on the other side of the same desk at which she applied for assistance. The young lady who formerly sat there took her as errand girl. She did not take her out of the home, but through her brought to the home the influence of the church. She got her back into school and had her in the church office morning and night, paying her, as she at first supposed, more than she was worth.

But presently she realized her error. From the beginning the girl was invaluable both as an interpreter and as a bringer of information. The church was one that had lost its wealthy membership and was fighting a desperate battle with the slum and seeking to minister to the people round it; and the girl dwelt in the house of the Lord forever, and what she did not know about the people near her she learned. She knew bits of several languages already, and she learned more. She had a passion for learning and a marvelous facility for getting at the roots of a situation.

Last June she was graduated from high school. There was a civil-service test of three hundred and twelve high-school graduates in the same city, and the girl of the slums led them all. High above names that were signed to the Mayflower compact was hers, which ended with "ski." But best of all perhaps, largely owing to her splendid influence, her father no longer drinks.

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS

THIS is a true story that shows how dangerous it is to jump at conclusions. A member of a St. Louis church came to her pastor with the following problem:

She was going down town one morning to

do a little shopping, and she put a ten-dollar bill in her bag. She hurried off as soon as breakfast was over in order to get an early street car and to do her shopping before the stores were crowded. On the way to town she noticed that her bag lay open at one side of her lap near the other occupant of her seat. She took it up and anxiously looked into it. Her ten-dollar bill was gone! Glancing furtively round, she saw a bill in the apron pocket of the woman beside her. It had evidently been thrust in hastily; it was crumpled, and protruded far enough to let its denomination be seen. It was a ten-dollar bill and could be no other than the one missing from the open bag. What should she do?

The woman studied her neighbor. She was of the laboring class, neat but poor. Her face showed the lines of a hard, joyless life. It would not be right to expose the poor creature, even though she had stooped to dishonesty. But she must have the bill back. She needed it, and besides it was not right to be a silent party to a wrong. At last she decided upon what seemed the only possible course. She would slip the bill out of the apron pocket and say nothing. That she did.

After a morning in the shops she returned home, took off her hat and started to lay it on the bed. There on the white counterpane, looming large and green, was a ten-dollar bill! The very one she had thought was lost! She remembered now that she had left it there. She had stolen a bill from the poor woman beside her!

Sick at heart, the lady advertised in every paper, but no one replied. Then she turned the bill over to her minister until she could find the stranger. There is one person at least who will never again jump thoughtlessly at a conclusion.

THREE MILES OF FISH

THE story Trout by the Handful that appeared in a recent number of The Companion reminds a subscriber of the following "tall" one that she often heard her grandfather tell:

At one time when my grandfather was on his way to Porto Rico he met on the boat a number of sportsmen, among whom was a doctor. They all gathered in the captain's cabin one night to swap yarns. With a serious face each told the biggest one he knew, and there were some pretty big ones. They had all finished and were about to vote to see who had told the biggest when the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, announced that he would tell a yarn himself. So they all settled back again to listen.

"Well," he began, "once when I was up in Canada where the big salmon fisheries and canneries are I happened on a little stream about a foot wide up which the salmon were going to spawn. The stream was so narrow and the fish so large that they could not pass one another, so they were going up the stream in single file with only a few inches between them."

"It looked like a good opportunity to get a big fish, so, straddling the stream, I reached down suddenly and caught a fish in my hands. I held it under the water a second to get a good hold before I jerked it out, and instantly the fish behind it bit its tail to make it hurry. I pulled my fish out of the water, and the other fish came too as well as the one behind it and the next one and so on. Each fish, you see, had hold of the tail of the one in front of it.

"I started pulling in hand over hand, and for three hours I stood there and pulled in the fish. When I finished I had an unbroken string of salmon three miles long."

As he concluded the faces of his listeners were perfectly blank. They sat looking at one another in silence for a few minutes; then one of them rose and, going to the table, wrote something on an envelope. He passed the envelope round, and every one read and signed it. Then he ceremoniously presented it to the doctor, who after reading it aloud pocketed it and bowed gravely.

This is what he read:

"This is to certify that we, the undersigned, hereby proclaim Dr. X—— to be the champion liar of this boat. We poor fellows thought we could tell 'em, but we resign in favor of the doctor."

THE BOB-TAILED ELEPHANT

YEARS ago, writes a contributor, the French sent a certain army officer to the French Congo to act as game warden. He had a long canoe and many paddlers, and in it he followed every water lane, observing and estimating the number of elephants.

To him came a young man from France, full of the spirit of adventure. For two months he begged the warden to allow him to kill an elephant, and at last the officer ordered his boat. Taking the young man with him, he set out; the long rows of paddles lifted the dugout swiftly along.

After the canoe had gone several miles the warden gave the signal to stop paddling and pointed out to the hunter a rounded patch of dark hide in the canebrake. "There is your elephant," he said. "Go get him. Creep up within thirty feet and come at his side. If you are steady, you can drop him stone dead. Remember also that a native respects property rights; if a hunter kills an elephant and cuts its tail off, the carcass will lie there unmolested

until it rots. If the tail is not cut off, the first native that comes along will take the ivory. Now go and be cautious and sure."

The young hunter found his elephant and approached it closely. Thus far he had worked with skill, but now his impatient nature began to assert itself. He found the beast facing him, and he had not the patience to wait for it to shift position. Aiming just above the base of the trunk, he fired, and the elephant fell like a stone.

With a yell of triumph the hunter dropped his gun, whipped out his long hunting knife and raced past the fallen bulk. Gripping the tail, he quickly slashed it off. Then an astounding thing happened. The elephant came to its feet! The bullet had merely stunned the brute and glanced off the rounded skull. The amputation of the tail was the needed stimulus to restore consciousness. Wheeling with trunk high and trumpeting furiously, he charged his despoiler.

Out of the canoe burst the hunter, tail in one hand and knife in the other. Right at his heels came the maddened elephant. The paddlers had begun to push off when they first sighted the charging beast. Now the hunter leaped in a headlong dive for the canoe and came slithering down between the feet of the paddlers. The warden tried for a shot, but in the excitement there was always a kinky head between his gun and the elephant's head.

The elephant hit the water, and a tremendous wave rose before his broad chest, struck the warden full in the face and bowled him over. The elephant gun roared into the heavens and slammed back against a broad muscular back and cracked a bullet head. The assaulted black howled in dismay, thinking the elephant had struck him.

The paddlers were bunting, and every man was lifting against the water with all his power. Close to the stern massive legs churned the water into muddy foam. The tip of the trunk touched the gunwale, slipped and lost its slight grip. Then the canoe shot forward with increased speed. The great beast screeched in disappointed rage.

Fortunately the warden had a sense of humor. Safe from the savage elephant, he looked toward the bow, where the cretaceous nimrod was making himself as small as possible before fifty grinning blacks. "Well, that is your elephant according to the hunter's law of the Congo," said the warden. "What will you do about it? Going back after the ivory later, eh?"

"I am giving the tail to you," replied the youth. "Keep it until I tell you I have finally killed that elephant and claimed his ivory. Just at present I am heading for home."

Years have passed, and no hunter has yet reported seeing a stub-tailed elephant in the French Congo. As for the tail, the owner recently presented it to the Adventurers' Club of Los Angeles, where it is regarded as a prize trophy.

SAYS MR. WU TO MR. WANG

THE Chinese, says Mr. Nevin O. Winter in Asia, are reputed the politest people in the world. Visitors in China for the first time are unfavorably affected by the repulsive and persistent beggars, by the prevailing poverty, by the prevalence of horrible diseases and by the anarchy and corruption in politics. But anyone who lives long in China almost always ends in having a real affection for the people.

The politeness of the Japanese is generally more formal than that of the Chinese. It appears studied. There is a suggestion of some hidden purpose, a desire to make a favorable impression or to gain an advantage. With the Chinese politeness seems natural, and consequently more pleasant.

Mr. Wu walks down the street and unexpectedly encounters a Mr. Wang, who is even more common than Mr. Smith in America.

THE INTENSIVE FEEDER



She: Need yer click so much, John, when you gesticulate yer food?
—George Belcher in the Tatler.

for there are only about one hundred family names in China. The two men stop and bow at each other. Then Wu opens the conversation.

"May I ask what your honorable name may be?"

"Your insignificant brother's name is Wang," is the answer.

"Where is your noble dwelling?"

"The miserable hovel in which I hide myself is on Hataman Street."

"How many precious sons have you?"

"I have only six stupid little pigs."

No intelligent person is expected to accept such undervaluation literally. The Chinaman is not self-assertive, but his pride is too deeply implanted to be easily destroyed. He is extremely proud of his home and of his sons. He even welcomes daughters with less resentment than formerly.



VISCOUNT GINGER

TITLES in England are not what they used to be. They are still valued, and those which are ancient and historic command no little respect, but times have changed. The part of the great public that still "dearly loves a lord" loves him with a less humble and unquestioning affection than of old and takes him far less seriously. But even in early Victorian days there was one stronghold, at once aristocratic and democratic, that no title could overawe. In the great English public schools it was immaterial who was lord and who was commoner, but most important who was fag and who was fag master.

In some recent reminiscences an old Harrovian has amusingly described a cricket match at which a very great and also a very pompous old lady, a marchioness bearing a historic title, was present to see her grandson, a courtesy lord, play in the eleven. He was a jolly, ordinary, red-headed, freckled youngster, unpretentious—his comrades would have made him most unhappy if he had been otherwise—and one of the best and also the youngest players on the team. As the game progressed he had plenty of opportunities to show what he could do and made the most of them. His noble grandmother was more and more delighted and excited. Every time he hit the ball she called out importantly, "Well played, Viscount M——!"

When he was at last out she wished to see and congratulate him and, turning to a tall young fellow close at hand,—who happened, though of course she did not know it, to be the boy's fag master,—requested him haughtily to "please inform Viscount M—— that the Marchioness of P—— wishes to see him."

The tall youth did not move a muscle. Instead he called to another fag near by, "Tell Ginger that the Marchioness of P—— wants to see him, will you?"

A little later Ginger came hurrying along obediently in response to the summons, but for a moment the indignant marchioness could hardly muster a smile for him. Her face was still frozen in the awful look with which she had striven to chasten the impudent youth who had declined to execute her commission personally and presumed to call a viscount Ginger! But, being a fag master, and therefore on the Harrow cricket field a much more important person than viscount, count or marchioness, the tall youth remained unchastened and sufficient in his dignity.



PIE AND FISH, SYMBOLS OF KINDNESS

M R. SMITH, writes a contributor, had made a particularly good catch of black bass. Mrs. Smith picked out a nice big one and sent one of the boys with it over to their neighbors in the adjoining camp. "We won't bother to clean it for them," she said, "because that big boy of theirs can do it just as well as we can."

A few days later the grateful neighbor, not to be outdone, returned the favor by bringing across to the Smith's back door a nice juicy raspberry pie freshly made from the wild raspberries growing in the woods behind the camp. That day the storekeeper across the lake had his weekly shipment of ice cream from the city, and none of the Smiths felt much like eating pie. The next day they all went on a trip down the stream, and the third day when the pie was served it had become so soft and soggy that everyone refused to touch it. Wrapping it up carefully in a newspaper, so that no one should see it, Mrs. Smith gave it to young Tom and asked him to take it out in the woods and bury it.

The next morning Mr. Smith went out to dig worms for his day's fishing. As he turned up the moist brown earth there, lying side by side, symbols of neighborly kindness, were the black bass and the raspberry pie!



HE KNOCKED THE TIGER FLAT

LITTLE TOM and his father were calling on a big-game hunter, and Tom had been put on the floor to play with a tiger-skin rug. He interrupted his elders' conversation with so many questions that finally the hunter took him on his lap and told about the tiger hunt. Tom returned to the rug, examined it with renewed interest and then inquired: "How did you shoot it so flat?"

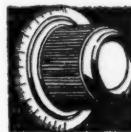
RADIO SECTION

RADIO AMERICA

By Robert A. Morton, Lieutenant U. S. N. R. F.

A GLANCE at the radio map will convince anyone that America excels in popular radio, and that a new and highly important link in our inter-communicating systems has been permanently forged. Scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, almost six hundred broadcast stations each with many thousands of listeners-in, send out programmes that include an endless variety of subjects. The owners of four hundred thousand radio receivers on farms together with a countless number of people in towns and cities are learning to depend on radio not only for a part of their entertainment, but also for late press news, weather reports, educational and political lectures and even for religious services.

There are few points within the United States where a modern receiver cannot pick up programmes from four or more states. In California it is no longer a novelty to dance to music that is being broadcast east of the Mississippi; in Boston it is easy to listen to a mid-western football game. When several million people give each day an hour or more to radio broadcasts, when the best artists are glad to send the best music to listeners-in,



One Man Addresses
the Nation

when hundreds of churches broadcast their message, when automobile tourists equip their cars with receivers and loud speakers and when an orator may without raising his voice deliver his words directly to several million persons through inter-connected broadcast stations, then it must be acknowledged that radio, the latest gift of science to mankind, has become usefully and permanently established.

The extent to which radio has developed was shown last September when an extraordinary exhibition of its power was provided the day that General Pershing retired from active service in the army. At his desk in Washington General Pershing spoke into the microphone a farewell message to his army staff officers at their posts throughout the country and to the American people. His voice was carried by land telephone lines to eighteen powerful broadcast stations and thence distributed to possibly five million listeners-in,—by far the largest audience in history. Moreover, several broadcast stations that were not connected by land wire with Washington caught the message by radio and again sent it into the ether. In Los Angeles the writer clearly and distinctly heard every word uttered by General Pershing.

At the close of the World War no one could have predicted that in 1924 the manufacture of radio equipment would become our most rapidly growing industry and would rank among the leading industries in respect to the value of its products. The demand for lead, copper and other supplies for radio equipment has reached enormous proportions; indeed, few lines of business have failed to feel the stimulus of the public demand for radio sets, parts and accessories, a demand that increases from month to month. It is estimated that in 1925 we shall export radio goods valued at more than five million dollars, and that the amount we shall spend at home may be as much as three hundred and fifty million dollars. There is an efficient radio set for every pocket book and for every particular need. The multiple tube receiver, simple, compact, and efficient, is now the one thing in most demand among radio enthusiasts and will retain its place until some ambitious and fortunate experimenter discovers a better receiving instrument.

In a former article in *The Youth's Companion* the writer predicted that radio broadcast would by 1928 be dominated by a few powerful stations so situated as to reach every radio-equipped home in America. As a matter of fact that result will be reached in 1925. The inter-connected broadcast system that gave to America General Pershing's

farewell message will be greatly extended when the new, powerful stations of the General Electric, the Westinghouse and the Bell Telephone Company are completed. Those stations, inter-connected with many smaller stations throughout the United States, will make one vast continental loud speaker. The principal stations are at Springfield, Massachusetts; Schenectady, New York; New York City; Chicago, Illinois; East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Hastings, Nebraska;

Super-Power Broadcasting



Denver, Colorado, and Oakland, California. It is reported that all except one or two of those stations will have a power of five-thousand watts, or five times the power of any station now regularly broadcasting. Any broadcast station, if not connected by wire to the chain system, will be able to take the programmes from the air and re-broadcast them to local listeners. Accordingly, anyone with a good receiver will dwell in a radio paradise.

Recent improvement has been made in equipment, especially vacuum tubes, which have a greatly increased efficiency. The vacuum tube is literally the heart of radio whether in sending or in receiving. A standard five-hundred-watt station uses two transmitting tubes each of two hundred and fifty watts capacity, and two modulator tubes. Now, five hundred watts is actually a small amount of energy, scarcely more than the capacity of ten electric globes in your home. Yet a five-hundred-watt station sends audible electric waves over half the surface of the earth. Let us assume that eight stations of five thousand watts each will be needed to carry radio messages to every receiver in the United States. Then a total tube capacity of forty thousand watts, or one hundred and eighty tubes of two hundred and fifty watts each, will be needed. Forty thousand watts is equal to about fifty-five horsepower. Accordingly, the amount of power developed by almost any good six-cylinder automobile engine would be sufficient to broadcast all the programmes in America! However, there are losses in sending; a station rated at five hundred watts requires a generator input of about two thousand watts, or virtually three horsepower. Even so, the cost of radio in respect to power is too small to worry about. A transmitter of only fifty watts has been heard across the Atlantic; American amateurs frequently reach Europe with one-hundred-watt sets. A station of medium power used by a church on the Pacific Coast easily transmits to Australia and Canada the rustle of paper as the preacher turns the pages of his sermon!

The enthusiasts who make their own sets from miscellaneous parts after many experiments and alterations predominate among the users of radio, and it is they who taste its real joys. There is an increasing demand for the "radio kit," which consists of diagrams and complete parts ready to assemble. The



The
"Radio Kit"

artisan may exercise his ingenuity and skill in arranging, wiring and testing the parts. When the work is done with reasonable care the completed instrument is comparable with any receiver made in a factory. There are kits for circuits of one or two tubes and kits for the various kinds of neutrodyne and reflex circuits with from three to six tubes. You can purchase a cabinet of any desired size and finish all ready for the panel and the parts, or you can make your own cabinet at home. To make a good receiver at home all that is required besides the kit is a small work bench and a few household tools, among

which should be a small soldering iron, and close attention to the diagrams showing how to assemble the parts.

To be useful in these days of many broadcast stations, a receiver must be selective and capable of sharp tuning. Our six hundred stations all use wave lengths between two hundred and six hundred metres, and in some regions as many as eight or ten stations are at work within as many square miles. It is a great advantage to be able not only to hear any particular programme without being troubled by interference, but to tune in at will on one programme after another. That, however, is only possible when the listener has a selective receiver and the stations use wave lengths scientifically distributed. In many cases it will be necessary to modify station wave lengths to provide for new stations and for the new systems of inter-connected broadcast. The National Radio Conference held at Washington in October considered and recommended a new list of wave lengths to meet the new conditions. It is expected that Secretary Herbert Hoover of the Department of Commerce will shortly authorize the necessary changes, and that the allotment of wave length schedules together with the use of modern, selective receivers will also put an end to troublesome interference between broadcast stations and our naval and commercial radio telegraph systems.

Aircraft radio will also be provided. The dirigible Shenandoah is now equipped both with a main transmitter rated at two-thousand five-hundred watts and with a smaller auxiliary set, the most powerful radio unit ever carried into the air by any nation. A generator driven by gasoline supplies the current for ten two hundred-and-fifty-watt transmitter tubes. It is believed that when the two-thousand foot antenna is reeled out from the ship, the unit will have a constant range of four thousand miles, and under good conditions an extreme range of perhaps eight or nine thousand miles. The main transmitter has a wave-length range of from five hundred to fifteen hundred metres; the small auxiliary set will transmit at the exceedingly low



Radio and the
Shenandoah

wave length of ninety metres. The outfit includes three receivers and an elaborate radio compass equipment. It weighs sixteen hundred pounds. The cruises of the Shenandoah will open a new field of radio research and experiment, in the course of which discoveries of great importance may be confidently looked for.

The most important technical need in radio is some method of getting relief from the familiar atmospheric disturbances called "static." Although much time and money has been expended in trying to solve the problem, little progress has been achieved in the search for an anti-static filter; summer is still unfavorable to radio on account of the constant presence of static. Static interference has, however, been somewhat reduced by means of counter-balanced circuits at stations that handle radio telegraph traffic, but the fact remains that the only way to overcome the difficulty to any great extent is to pound through the static with super-powered transmitters and to make the received signals louder than the characteristic static noises. Some day we shall perhaps be able to insert in the antenna some contrivance that will filter out all air strays, and give us perfect reception all the year round. Fame and fortune await the successful inventor of such a help.

How to regulate and censor radio is a question now widely discussed. There are many plausible arguments both for a close supervision of the messages sent through the air and against it. At present, however, a radio censor would have little to do. The owner of a broadcast station hardly cares to annoy an audience that can at once tune him out and forget his existence.

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results and give a final adjustment to the rheostats. After rheostats have been finally adjusted they may be left alone. Every time you pick up a station make a record of its dial reading, for that will assist you in finding it again. Make a note of the wave length of the stations.

If after you have carefully followed the tuning instructions you hear no stations, you may be sure that either you have not wired the set correctly or else your battery connections are wrong. Go over them again and check up. If there is any trouble that you are unable to find or if you have any questions to ask about the receiver, write to The Department Editor of

The Youth's Companion and explain the case fully. In any case write for a free copy of the eleven-by-fourteen-inch (size of this page) blueprint of the wiring diagram that we have ready.

The operation of the super-heterodyne is briefly this: All radiotelephone broadcasts are on short wave lengths that cannot be amplified without some difficulties. By means of an oscillator that produces a beat note with the received wave the broadcasts are changed to a long wave that is easily amplified. The resulting impulse is amplified by means of the intermediate frequency transformers. The second detector tube changes this frequency to audible sound.

Address
THE DEPARTMENT EDITOR
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

POINTS ABOUT BATTERIES

If your radio-set contains tubes that use an "A" battery of dry cells, you can save money by installing a double set of cells. If the tube requires three dry cells connected in series for its normal operation, you can obtain more than double the operating life from the battery by using six cells, two groups of three each, connected in series, with the two groups connected in parallel. (See Fig. 1.) Two cells connected in parallel—that is, positive (+) to positive (+) and negative (-) to negative (-)—are best for a tube that normally calls for only one. With the cells connected in that way the receiver may be operated for a longer time than would be possible if one of the sets were first exhausted and then replaced by the second set.

When you buy "B" batteries get enough blocks of twenty-two and a half volts to make up the desired voltage. That does not mean that the smallest size should be obtained; blocks made up of the larger flashlight cells will last considerably longer than blocks using the small size. The object of purchasing several small voltage units instead of a single large unit is to make it possible to remove a section when it becomes exhausted, without having to purchase a complete new "B" battery. After a unit of twenty-two and a half volts has been used so that its voltage has dropped to about sixteen volts it is generally no longer useful. The voltage delivered will then become more and more unsteady and thus cause a crackling or "frying" noise in the receivers. If a number of such sections are used for a receiving set, it often happens that an exhausted section may be removed and satisfactory operation may still be obtained, or a new section may be inserted to replace the exhausted one. If there are "frying" noises after the "B" battery has been used for some time, try operating the receiver with one of the sections removed. If the noises stop, that section is defective and should be eliminated or replaced. If the noises continue, replace the section just removed and take out another, proceeding in that manner until the receiver has been operated with all the combinations in which one section has been removed from the circuit. If you hear noises with all combinations, you may be sure they are owing to some other cause than a faulty block of cells; or the whole "B" battery may be old. Knowing when the batteries were purchased will usually decide which of the two possibilities is the correct one.

When a receiver is run from a storage battery, even if charged at home, it is worth while to give the battery a hydrometer test at regular intervals. A hydrometer costs about a dollar and a half and consists of a large glass-stemmed syringe that contains a float with a graduated stem. When the battery solution is drawn up into the glass tube—by pressing the rubber bulb, inserting the rubber tube in the battery solution and releasing the rubber bulb—the float will rise. The reading is made on the scale at the point where the float stem emerges from the solution. The specific gravity thus measured should not be allowed to fall below 1.180. When that figure is reached the battery should be placed on charge. When it is fully charged the specific gravity reading should be from 1.240 to 1.250. In hot climates figures somewhat lower than those, both for charge and for discharge, are permissible, since the specific gravity of the solution is not made so great.

The floating-ball hydrometer is handy, but not so accurate as the kind just described. In the floating-ball hydrometer two or three

colored balls take the place of the float. The balls will float in solutions of various densities and are so constructed as to give the approximate gravity of the battery solution at "full," "discharged" and "empty."

If the battery is charged at home, you should be careful to see that pure distilled water is added to the solution at frequent intervals. The solution should at all times stand from a quarter to half an inch above the top of the plates in the cells.

Keep the top of the battery dry; if acid sprays over the top, clean it off with a weak solution of ammonia and wipe the surface dry. A small amount of vaseline applied to the lead terminals will prevent corrosion.

In many receivers that employ a potentiometer the connections are made so that current flows through the potentiometer winding even when the tubes are not lighted. That means that a small but constant drain is placed on the filament battery; and, if the battery is of the dry-cell type, the drain will materially reduce its life. A switch can be placed in one of the leads to the battery to turn off the current, but it is better to connect the potentiometer winding across the filament terminals of one of the radio-frequency amplifier tubes or across the detector filament terminals, as shown in Fig. 2, so that when the rheostat is turned to the "off" position no current can flow through the potentiometer.

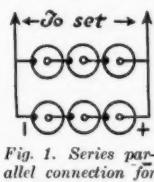


Fig. 1. Series parallel connection for three-cell tube

RADIO ANTENNAS OF ALL SORTS

Do not let any distaste for putting up an outside wire or for the trouble of installing a protective device, or lightning arrester, and a grounding switch keep you from making or buying a radio receiver. Walls—unless they are walls of steel-frame buildings—are no bar to radio waves. Closed windows do not keep out broadcast concerts. There are many forms of indoor radio antennas that are practicable for use with receivers that have one vacuum tube or more. Of course you cannot put an inside wire so high as you can put an outside wire, and you cannot extend it so far in a single straight stretch; but aside from those disadvantages an inside antenna is just as good as an outside one.

No protective device is needed with an indoor antenna. The only precaution to take is to keep at least four inches from electric-light wires all wires that are not covered with insulating tubing as well as with the insulation wound directly upon them.

Indoors as well as outdoors a single wire of one hundred and twenty-five feet makes the best antenna. Connect to the antenna post of the set one end of a piece of number-eighteen bell wire, lamp cord or other larger insulated copper wire, insulated and stranded cable or insulated copper ribbon. Lead the wire by the most direct route to the unfinished attic. There string it along the walls. Have each complete turn of wire six inches lower than the one above it and have it parallel to it. Make the wire fast to insulators or to the wall with double-pointed tacks guarded with friction tape. Shorter lengths of wire can be used, but are less efficient.

If the house has no attic, tack a single turn of wire to the top of the picture moulding in the room where you have the set; fasten the wire to an insulator in the wall near the ceiling and carry it at that level in a straight line through the walls from room to room; lay it in wide, flat concentric loops beneath the rug, or extend it in a straight line under the hall carpet.

Less efficient substitutes that are nevertheless interesting to experiment with if you have a set with several tubes exist in great numbers. Link fabric-wire bed springs, slat-fabric bed springs, coil bed springs or other kinds of bed springs hung on metal frames so that each spring wire is in electrical contact with every other are usable antennas. The insulated wire from the set can be connected at any point. That the bed is "made up" on the spring makes no difference. A tin roof or a fire escape that is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 795)

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**STAMPS TO STICK**

THIRTY varieties of commemorative stamps have resulted from the congress of the Universal Postal Union that met in Stockholm, Sweden, last summer. The first was the Swedish set, in which the inscription "VIIIE Världspost-Kongress Stockholm 1924" had "Kongressen" on some of the values, and which was described recently in *The Companion*. It comprises fifteen values that range from 5 öre to 5 kroner.

The second series, also a Swedish set with fifteen values, has the French wording "Union Postale Universelle" and carries the dates 1874 and 1925. The set commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Union. Denominations and colors are 5 öre, red brown; 10 öre, green; 15 öre, dark violet; 20 öre, rose red; 25 öre, deep orange; 30 öre, deep blue; 35 öre, black; 40 öre, olive green; 45 öre, deep brown; 50 öre, gray; 60 öre, violet brown; 80 öre, myrtle green; 1 krona, green; 2 kronor, rose red; 5 kroner, deep blue.

The öre values show a man on horseback looking over his shoulder at an aeroplane. The krona denominations depict the top of the world with a steamship on the sea and a railway train on land, and over all, a bird flying with a letter in its beak. The designs are so crude as to be the butt of ridicule in the philatelic press abroad. Here is what a British stamp monthly says:

"Little Johnny was playing with his pencil and paper. 'Draw us some new stamps for Sweden,' said his father. Johnny drew a nice postman on horseback. The horse had strong legs, as it had to go long journeys. As an afterthought he added an aeroplane (of sorts), because he had bent the postman's head round and wanted something to explain that he was not looking back to the inn he had just left."

One of these odd stamps is illustrated here-with.



STAMP collectors are familiar with the stamps that Switzerland sells each year to raise money with which to fight the spread of tuberculosis among Swiss boys and girls. During the Christmas season for a number of years such sets have appeared and have been sold for a period of six months at five centimes over postal value. These are called "Pro Juventute" stamps. The phrase means "For the Children."

The set announced to appear in December is as follows: Five centimes plus five centimes, black and orange, coat-of-arms of the Canton of Appenzell; 10 centimes plus 5 centimes, red and green, coat-of-arms of the Canton of Solothurn; 20 centimes plus 5 centimes, violet, coat-of-arms of the Canton of Schaffhausen; 30 centimes plus 5 centimes, Cross of Geneva in white on a red background.

When the colony called Tchad was permitted

some time ago to have stamps of its own Middle Congo stamps were surcharged "Tchad." The stamps of this provisional Tchad set, running in value from 1 centime to 5 francs, have now received the additional overprint "Afrique Equatoriale Francaise." Collectors expect that the obsolete stamps of Gabon and Ubangi will be similarly overprinted.

Thus a philatelic newcomer, French Equatorial Africa, begins its existence with from thirty-six to perhaps eighty or ninety varieties, if we allow for errors in surcharging, and it is likely that all these provincials will be displaced with a definitive series for common use in the four possessions.

In Tangier the French post office has been closed and the postal administration has been taken over by the Shereefian service. That means that French Moroccan stamps will no longer be surcharged "Tangier," but will be used without any overprint.

THE philatelic mania for celebrating centenaries has spread to the Netherlands. Holland has placed before patient collectors two stamps of futuristic design that bear the dates 1824 and 1924 and announce that they are in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Dutch Lifeboat Society. Values, colors and designs are 2 cents, chocolate, with a ship almost overwhelmed with dashing waves; and 10 cents, orange-brown, showing the front of a lifeboat ready to be launched. It is strange that the name of the country has been left off the 2-cent denomination.

Meanwhile, in connection with an international philatelic exhibition held at the Hague, Holland issued several special stamps that were temporarily sold with admission tickets to the exhibition. Other values are now being added so that the special stamps become units

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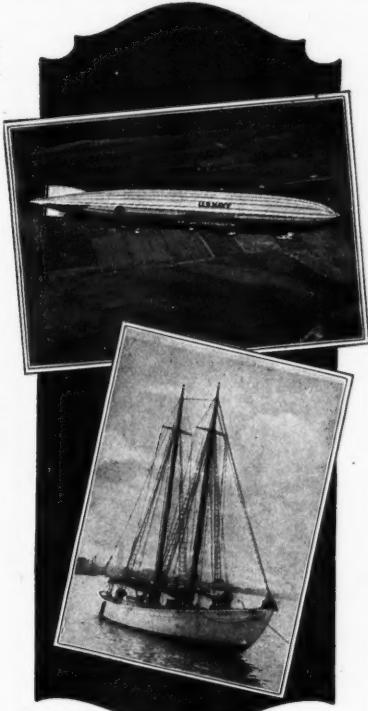
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The Shenandoah is Equipped with Burgess Batteries and MacMillan Carried them to the Arctic

If the quality of any product may be judged in part by the standing of its users, surely Burgess quality must be considered unusually high.

Burgess Radio Batteries are found where there's need for the most efficient batteries made—in emergencies where failure brings disaster—with explorers in far-off lands—with the unsung heroes of the air service—beneath the seas with the crew of the submarines.

"ASK ANY RADIO ENGINEER"

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not grounded will serve as an antenna in dry weather. In wet weather it is likely to become grounded and hence useless. The helix, or coiled spring, antenna and the new globe antenna made of short strands of the phosphor bronze spring wire, both of which are sold by supply houses, can be quickly put up and easily moved round. A cage antenna of several wires of equal length joined at both ends and held separate and parallel on wooden hoops is reasonably efficient. A sheet of copper fly screen six feet by twelve in size, laid beneath the rug, is also practicable.

Radio dealers carry several forms of a device known as the light-socket antenna, which consists of a number of small condensers in an insulated case that can be screwed into any electric-light socket. The device makes use of the light wires as an antenna, but does not use any current. A heavily insulated wire twisted round the insulated cord of a drop light for some five feet gives the same effect and has the advantage of allowing the lamp to burn while the set is being used. If you have no drop lights, you can accomplish the same end by twisting an insulated lead round an insulated cord plugged into the wall outlet where the vacuum cleaner is attached. The telephone wire can be made to serve as an antenna by setting a desk telephone on a tin pie plate that is connected to the set by a short wire soldered to it or made fast to a binding post fixed in the edge. Understand that in all the arrangements mentioned in this paragraph there is absolutely no connection with the electric current flowing in the wire. The set would be spoiled if a connection should be made.

A well-made ground consisting of a wire attached to a water pipe, steam pipe, plate buried in moist earth or counterpoise must be connected to the receiver used with any of the antennas just described. The following kinds of antennas need no grounds; they are usable only on very sensitive sets.

The loop antenna, such as is used for radio compass work, eliminates nearly all interference and makes a "squealing" set quite inoffensive. The box, or solenoid, loop consists of turns of insulated wire wound side by side half an inch apart on a wooden frame. If the frame is ninety-six inches on a side, three turns of wire are enough; if forty-eight inches, six turns; if fifteen inches, eighteen turns. Other sizes are in proportion. The flat loop is made of the same amount of wire in a flat spiral winding. A collapsible loop, the size of the opening of which can be varied, is even more effective in eliminating static interference. Some recent commercial sets contain tiny loops mounted inside the cabinet and tuned by means of dials on the panel. A loop mounted on a curtain on a spring roller that is hung on a pivoted wall bracket makes a novel and convenient antenna.

Ordinarily the two terminals of a loop are connected with the terminals of a variable air condenser, which are in turn connected with the antenna and the ground posts of the set. Tuning is done with the condenser. The edge of the loop is turned toward the station to be received.

A set with which an outside antenna is used can be made more selective if the ground connection is discarded and one end of a loop, the other end of which goes to the antenna post to which the regular antenna also remains connected, is attached to the ground post. No variable condenser is needed across the terminals of the loop; the regular tuning unit within the set is sufficient.

If you can put up an outside antenna, but do not want to bore a hole in the wall of the house for a lead-in, a loop will help you out of the difficulty. Erect the outside antenna. On the roof or the porch or under the eaves install a fixed loop, say four feet square and containing six turns of wire. Attach one end of the fixed loop to the antenna and one end to the ground wire, in which a protective device is included, as it should be in any outdoor installation. Use a loop on your set, be it crystal, one-tube or eight-tube. Turn the edge of the loop toward your outside antenna and tune in. The set may be placed anywhere within the house and may be moved about at will to the mystification of visiting friends.

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A CRYSTAL SET AS A RADIO WAVE TRAP

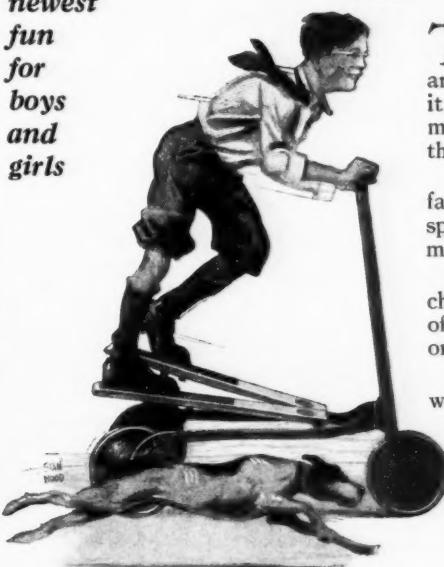
A CRYSTAL receiver with a tuning coil of some sort makes an excellent wave trap for use with a tube set.

To use your crystal receiver in this way connect the headset and put it on. Connect the antenna. Wire the ground post to the antenna post of the tube set. Connect the tube set to the ground in the usual way. Tune in on the crystal set the station you do not want to hear on the tube set. When the signals are at their loudest lay aside the headset but leave it connected to the receiver. Put on the headset that is attached to the tube set and proceed to tune in the stations you want. The station not wanted will not be audible. The arrangement will eliminate only one station at a time; so if two stations not wanted are going in your vicinity, you will have to use two such wave traps.

As the use of a crystal set in the antenna circuit in this manner introduces some losses short circuit the wave trap when it is not needed. You can do so by connecting the antenna and ground posts of the crystal set by means of a wire or switch.

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Riding Go-boy is a fascinating, invigorating sport, and exercises every muscle of the body.

Especially valuable to children between the ages of six and fourteen. Recommended by teachers.

The Go-boy is built with such an unusual surplus of strength that even a man cannot twist or bump it out of shape or service.

Show this advertisement to your dealer. If he cannot furnish you a Go-boy use the attached coupon and send direct to us.

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Make the children happy on Christmas Day and every day throughout the year



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The GIRLS build houses and chairs for their dolls.

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It is a joy to the child of four to find he can build a real cabin unaided by the grown up.

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he rushed to the window to look once more, just in time to see his father running across the back lawn toward the burning building. Bob paused only long enough to grab up a long shining object from its hiding place in his closet. Then he bounded down the back stairs, hiding the object under his sweater as he ran.

The building was now burning fiercely. It was old and dry, and furnished excellent food for the flames. It was not a real garage. Years before, Grandfather Bronson had built it as his stable and carriage house. Automobiles now had replaced the old horses and carriages, and only recently Mr. Bronson had purchased a fine new car which was in the burning building. It was a two-story building with double doors facing the driveway, and an entrance door around the side.

As Bob reached the garage, his father disappeared in the side door, evidently intent upon getting the new car out before the flames should reach that part of the building. Several neighbors ran up. Someone turned in a fire alarm at the corner.

Just at that moment the hammering was heard inside the garage. A minute later, there was a double crack from the roof, and then came the roar of the flames. "Break down the doors! Break down the doors!"

"Break down the doors! Break down the doors! I'm trapped by the fire!"

V.C.

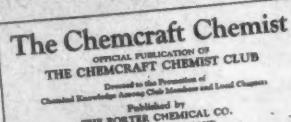
The Porter Chemical Co.,
125 Washington St., Hagerstown, Md.

Please send me free the rest of the story about Bob Bronson.

Name

Address

City State



The Mystery of the Bronson Fire

A Story for Boys
by
Nella L. Remle

"WELL, I guess she's all right now," said Bob Bronson, as he sat up straight after a careful examination of a peculiar-looking apparatus which lay on the work-bench before him. "Just hand me that cap, Pete, and we'll put it on. Gee, I'll bet she'll work fine now!" he concluded, with a confident shake of his head.

His pal, Pete Henderson, passed the cap across the bench and Bob screwed it on the end of the apparatus.

"Gosh," exclaimed Pete, as he watched the operation, "we've been foolin' with the old thing long enough. I only hope it works like you think it will. Let's go out in the back lot now and see what it will do."

"Not tonight," objected Bob, "it's too dark, and

we might break it. We'll have a big demonstration tomorrow afternoon, out behind our garage. Be sure to come around."

"All right," agreed Pete. "I'll be here about three o'clock. Have to go home now. So long!"

After Pete's departure, Bob cleaned up his work-bench, put his things away, and with his newly completed invention under his arm, trudged upstairs to his room, a very tired, yet extremely happy boy. After carefully hiding his invention in the closet, he undressed and jumped into bed. He was sound asleep when his mother looked in at the door half an hour later.

CHAPTER TWO

Bob Bronson was one of those fellows who is always tinkering with something. When he wasn't building a wagon, he was making a new kind of bob-sled, or doing something else which served as an outlet for his abundance of youthful energy.

Pete Henderson was his companion in his many enterprises. They had tried about everything possible for a couple of sixteen-year-old boys, from an unsuccessful attempt at being private detectives, to a very successful season as lemonade merchants selling to passing autoists along the State Road.

But now they were busy on a new idea. This idea got its start when Bob's Uncle Ben gave him a chemical laboratory as a birthday present, a few weeks before. They had added to the original equipment and had set up a combined shop and laboratory in one corner of Bob's cellar. And there they had mastered the wonders of Chemistry in a short time.

Then Bob's liking for inventing new things had

cropped up, and they turned their attention to the invention of the apparatus upon which they had just put the finishing touches. They were both sworn to absolute secrecy; no one but they knew what it was, and they guarded their secret well and successfully.

They had worked for weeks, trying first one thing and then another, but never giving up in the face of failure as one after another of their trials proved unsuccessful. Step by step they had progressed, learning something after each failure, until now they had finished their work and were impatient for the final trial. Though Bob did not realize it at that time, and it was several years before he realized it fully, his invention was destined to become one of the most useful things ever produced for saving life and property from the most relentless enemy of mankind.

CHAPTER THREE

Bob had not been asleep more than an hour or two, when he awoke suddenly and sat straight up in bed. Perhaps his mind had been at work while he was asleep, because he imagined the house was on fire. He had been dreaming. But as he sat there in bed, rubbing his eyes, and slowly realizing it was only a dream, there appeared a flickering light on the wall at the foot of his bed, opposite the window. As he watched, it grew stronger, and presently the whole room was lit up.

He jumped out of bed, ran to the window and looked out. There, one hundred feet from the house, his dream had become a reality. The garage was on fire!

Bob slipped into his trousers, pulled on his shoes and threw his sweater around his shoulders. Then